

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—
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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.
A. H. SANBORN, Jr., Editor.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1862, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the oldest in the English language. It has been a constant weekly of forty-eight columns, and has been published every day, except on Sundays, and on the days of the week when it is not published, it is published in the morning.

Local Matters.

Accurate Criticism.

Mr. J. K. Sullivan, former Street Commissioner has a very timely letter in the Newport Herald of Monday. It would be well if the people would heed some of his suggestions. He claims that the people of Newport are paying the insurance companies annually some- where \$350,000 in premiums and that the fire losses for many years past have averaged less than \$50,000. He recom- mends that the city insure itself. That is that the people pay that amount to the city treasurer each year, and that the city pay the losses. His com- ments on the so called Board of Trade are somewhat interesting to say the least. He says:

Newport Streets.

Although the Newport streets, with a few notable exceptions, are in rather bad condition this spring, they are no worse than some of our neighbors. The streets of Fall River are notorious for their habitual poor condition, and the streets in Providence are in worse condition than usual now. Hope street in Providence, one of the leading thorough- fares between Providence and Paw- tucket and one greatly used by automo- bilists, is a mere mud hole with ap- parently no bottom. In Newport the principal streets which were rebuilt recently, are in excellent condition. Outer Broadway will require its annual surface dressing, to replace the wash- ings of the winter. Provision has been made by the representative council for a permanent pavement on Washington square, and when this is completed the streets in the center of the city will be serviceable for a number of years. Bellevue avenue and the Ocean Drive will require considerable attention from the highway department before the opening of the summer season.

Fraternal Visit.

Excelsior Lodge of Odd Fellows of this city had a gala time Tuesday night. There were over twenty candidates to receive the third degree, which was conferred by the degree team of Swartz Lodge of Providence, one of the well known degree teams of the country. Visitors were present from Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, of this city; Har- mony, of East Greenwich; United Brothers, of Bristol; Oakland, of South Portsmouth; and Neptune, of Black Island. After the work a collation was served and a general social time was enjoyed.

Rev. Hilding Myreen, who has been pastor of the Swedish Lutheran Church in this city since 1905, with a short in- terim, preached his farewell sermons to his congregation last Sunday and will return to his native State of Kan- sas where he has accepted a pastorate. His health has been very poor of late and it is hoped that he will find the climate of the West beneficial to him. No appointment has as yet been made to fill his place here.

The annual play by the boys of St. George's School was produced in the Archdiocese Gymnasium at the School last Saturday evening under the di- rection of Mr. H. F. Preston of the Faculty. "Foggy's Fairy," by W. S. Gilbert, was produced in a pleasing and artistic manner before a large audience, the proceeds being for the benefit of the Red Cross fund.

Representative Council.

Big Budget Adopted and Tax Rate Increased to \$16 on \$1000.

The budget meeting of the repre- sentative council on Monday evening was quite a busy one, although it was finished in much quicker time than had been expected, the council being in session for only about two and a quarter hours. During that time the appropria- tion bill of \$300,739.15 was passed without amendment as it came from the committee of 25, and much other business was disposed of. As a conse- quence of the increased appropriations the tax rate is increased to \$16 on \$1000.

The representative council took upon itself the task of electing a member of the school committee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Darrah, al- though there had been much discussion as to whether the right lay with the board of aldermen or the representative council. There was but one candidate for the position and Mr. John P. Sullivan, who had served for several terms on the school committee but who was defeated at the polls last fall, was elected. Dr. M. H. Sullivan was elected to fill the vacancy on the board of health caused by the death of Dr. Darrah.

When the roll was called, there were 143 members present. After filling the vacancies on the school committee and board of health, Tennant B. Pike and Edward E. Taylor were elected weigh- ers of coal and other merchandise, and on recommendation of the board of aldermen Francis M. Sisson was elected clerk to the highway department and Wallace C. Martland engineer of the City Hall. Andrew W. York was elected an underlinker.

The report of the committee of 25 was read, containing a number of recom- mendations in addition to the pre- sentation of the budget for the year. These recommendations were later taken up in their regular course. A motion to refer the report back to the committee with instructions to keep the total amount down to that of last year, in accordance with vote of the council, was lost.

The ordinance making the appropria- tions for the year was then taken up, and after some discussion of various items was passed without alteration or amendment. The first discussion of importance came over the Almy pond matter, the committee of 25 having recommended that the resolution ap- propriating \$16,000 for improvements to the pond be referred to the first meet- ing of the representative council for 1917 to be considered by the next com- mittee of 25, making an appropriation this year of \$300 to continue the work of the commission. A motion to increase this appropriation to \$5000 so that work might be begun was finally laid on the table.

The item for recreations came in for considerable criticism, especially the salary paid to the supervisor. Mr. Levy explained that the amount asked for had been reduced from \$12000 to about \$8000, but Mr. Perry still figured that it was costing about \$1.50 for each school child in the city. The item was allowed to stand, however. The ordinance was then adopted as a whole.

The tax resolution was taken up and passed. This provides for the assess- ment and collection of a tax as of the 22nd day of March, the rate to be \$16 on each \$1000, and the tax to be pay- able between July 1st and August 31st, all taxes not paid on the last named day to carry a penalty of 12 per cent per annum.

A resolution was passed directing the city solicitor to secure the passage of an act by the General Assembly to en- able the city of Newport to issue bonds of \$38,500 for granite sidewalks, wooden block pavement, and repairs to city buildings; also a resolution author- izing the issuing of these bonds in serial form when permission is obtained.

A resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to secure a strip of land at the corner of Connection and Thames streets for the purpose of rounding the corner into Carroll avenue.

A resolution was passed providing for the appointment of a committee of five to confer with owners of land on Bath road to recommend a plan for a 70-foot widening of that street. The resolution providing for the publication of the city documents was rescinded and another slightly different was passed, providing for the condensing of reports as far as possible.

A resolution creating a committee to inquire into an incinerator for the city's garbage was passed, with a few dis- senting votes. The fire ordinance was amended by striking out Section 39, which provides for crossing alarms. Many routine resolutions were passed, including the contract for the care of the city's sick, this being amended so that the Hospital could draw from the entire fund available without requiring it to be divided equally between the contagious and general cases.

An amendment to the junk license came from the chief of police and was adopted, providing for the keeping of a record by all gatherers of junk as well

as by shop keepers, and also forbidding the purchase of junk from minors. After this was passed it was suggested that the council had adopted a rule re- quiring all ordinances to be presented to the members previous to the meet- ings, but it was explained that this one came in late. A number of petitions for granite sidewalks and other im- provements were received.

Hearing on Damage Claim.

John E. Naesser was given a hearing by the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, on his claim for \$4000 damages for injuries alleged to have been re- ceived when his wagon wheel dropped through a soft spot on Franklin street last December. Witnesses for the peti- tioner were heard at some length and then the hearing was continued to Thursday evening, when the city's wit- nesses could be heard. Mr. William Williams represented the petitioner and City Solicitor Sullivan looked after the city's interests.

It was claimed by the petitioner, who is in the ice and wood business, that as the result of carelessness on the part of the men who were laying the under- ground conduits of the Bay State Street Railway, a hole was left at the head of Franklin street into which the wheel of his wagon dropped with much force. It was further claimed that the fall broke a spring and caused the horse to run away, dragging Naesser several feet. A number of employees of the city were called by the counsel for the petitioner to show the conditions that existed at the time of the accident.

At the session of the board on Thurs- day evening, the only witness ready to appear for the city was City Physician Keenan, who had examined the peti- tioner some weeks after the alleged ac- cident. He found no permanent in- juries, although the blood was in an anemic condition, not due to the ac- cident probably.

The case was summed up by counsel for the petitioner and the city solicitor replied for the defense, after which it was announced that the board would take the case under advisement for con- sideration.

Lyman Stable Burned.

A stable on Hammond street, belong- ing to Mrs. Cyril B. Judge was practi- cally destroyed in a rather spectacular fire Wednesday noon, two horses being destroyed and other valuable contents of the stable being lost. The fire broke out while the stableman was at dinner, and apparently started around a small heating stove which stood near a wall. When it was first discovered smoke was pouring out of the building, and when the department responded to an alarm from box 612, the structure inside was a mass of flames, which entirely pre- vented any rescue work for animals or carriages within the stable. The hy- drant pressure was rather weak, but it seemed sufficient to cope with the flames which were entirely confined to the stable. A house next door, belong- ing to James M. Kirwin was threatened for a time, but the efforts of the fire- men prevented any serious damage.

At one time a heavy pall of smoke hung over the southern portion of the city, and for a few minutes the flames came through the roof near the cupola, but most of the fire was confined to the inside. The walls were not destroyed, but there is not enough left of the building or contents to amount to much.

The house on Robinson street, occu- pied by Mrs. Thomas J. Sherman and Mrs. Arthur L. Peckham, has been closed for about a month while the occupants have been out of the city. Upon their return last Sunday, it was found that the house had been broken into and had been ransacked to some extent, although no articles of any value were reported as missing. It is supposed to have been the work of boys.

Plans are being perfected for exten- sive repairs and improvements to Hill Top Inn before the summer season opens. The same company that op- erates Hill Top has also taken over the Casino at Narragansett Pier on a long lease. The Casino was operated last year by Fred Mansfield of the Crown Hotel.

Two automobilists who raced their cars through Thames street at an early hour Sunday morning were brought be- fore the court on Monday and one paid a fine of ten dollars and costs on a charge of oversteering, while the other pleaded not guilty and was released on bail to await trial.

Next Wednesday will be the first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday. The date falls unusually late this year, and Easter will not arrive until April 23rd. During Lent the usual Easter services will be held by the Episcopal churches, many union services being conducted.

A supply of adapting couplers has been ordered for the fire department, to enable the local department to connect with the hydrants in Fall River, Providence, or New Bedford, and vice versa.

Why Not Reciprocity in Ever-thing?

This "trade at home" shouting is but little more than a hollow mockery. Many of those who shout the loudest for "trade at home" mean that what- ever you buy you must buy of them. If they have anything to buy they go where they please to get it. Many of the members of the Board of Trade, so called, that are constantly preaching the "trade at home" doctrine, if they have a dollars worth of printing, to be done go abroad for it. Even the Charity Organization Society that gets its en- tire support from Newport and is de- pendent on the newspapers of Newport for publicity, when they have an annual report to be printed, get prices from all the printers in Newport, then hunt all over Providence to find someone so hard up that he will do the work a few cents less. If a Newport printer went to Providence for work, he would be driven out of town; yet much of the Newport printing is carried to Provi- dence and elsewhere rather than given to Newport printers at fair prices. We believe in reciprocity in printing as well as in everything else. We believe too that printing is done as cheaply in New- port as elsewhere when the quality of the work is considered.

A Lamb-Like March.

The first appearance of the month of March in this vicinity was somewhat lamb-like, although the temperature was rather low. The second day, how- ever, was watery enough to suit any- body, the snowstorm that began shortly before daylight giving an appearance of real winter. The temperatures dur- ing the first part of the week were rather unseasonably low, but little at- tempt was made to gather any ice by the large companies. There has been enough cold weather during the winter to insure a bountiful crop if the cold spells had come all at the same time, but unfortunately just as a good thick- ness of ice has been attained a thaw has resulted in practically total destruction of the crop. This has happened several times during the winter, and it is rather late now to expect any ice harvest here. However, Easter promises a severe month of March, and his predictions are somewhat borne out by the MERCURY ALMANAC.

Mr. Robert W. Curry has been awarded the contract for remodeling the Masonic Temple in this city, and will begin work very shortly. Con- siderable work has already been done on the outside of the building, including re-shingling the roof and giving the whole structure a coat of paint. The altera- tions on the inside will be extensive and will involve a considerable sum of money. The building is now owned by the Masonic Corporation of Newport, which was recently chartered by the Secretary of State.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, a Baptist clergyman and a deep student of the history of the Jewish race, gave a very interesting talk at the Touro Syn- agogue on Tuesday evening, his subject being "Why the Prejudice against the Jew?" He paid a high tribute to the many great men whom the Jewish race has developed and urged the duty of the Christian church in preventing the per- secution of the Jews in Europe as well as changing the popular attitude toward them in this country. There was a large attendance at the meeting.

As soon as the weather becomes settled, ex-President William Howard Taft will come to Newport to make an address under the auspices of Mr. Guy Norman, who is Newport's candidate for the Congressional nomination. Inas- much as it will be necessary for Mr. Taft to return to New Haven the same night, it has been deemed inadvisable to hold the meeting until the weather improves.

Newport has several well known resi- dents who were born on the 29th of February and therefore have an oppor- tunity to observe their birthdays but once in four years. Among the number who had a chance to celebrate last Tuesday are Mrs. Walter A. Wright, Miss Ethel Cozzens, Miss Alice Dono- van, Rear Admiral F. E. Chadwick, and Mr. John Dring.

Mr. Henri Q. Chappelle, a well known resident of Newport, was found dead in bed at his home on Dartmouth street Monday morning. He was an expert workman at his trade, and in fact was a master of several trades. He was a son of the late Dr. James H. Chappelle. He is survived by a widow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Arnold.

DeBolsa Council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, conferred the Super- Excellent degree on twenty four candi- dates on Tuesday night. Some very fine stereoscopic views were shown of scenes in Palestine and places in the Holy Land which were kindly loaned by the Providence Council.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Bacheller have returned from an extended trip to Florida and Cuba.

Seventy-fifth Birthday.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Colonel Andrew K. McMahon was observed on Wednesday, with a number of features that were decided- ly out of the ordinary. He not only received the greetings of many of his friends and associates of his home city, but the Grand Regent of the Royal Arcanum of Rhode Island made a special trip to Newport to ex- tend the best wishes of the order to the oldest Past Grand Regent. This was in the nature of a surprise to Colonel McMahon.

Colonel McMahon expected to pass his 75th birthday quietly at his home, with- out special observance. During the forenoon, he received many cards and messages of congratulation from friends in and out of the city, and in the afternoon Grand Regent Henry D. C. Dubois of Providence, accompanied by Past Grand Regents Thomas P. Peckham and Fred M. Hammett, called at his home and presented him with a handsome silver pitcher as a token of the esteem of the Past Grand Regents of the State. During the evening, he was presented with a bouquet of 75 red and white carnations and a Royal Arcanum charm from the members of Cor- onet Council of this city.

The pictures of Dr. Darrah, which have been on sale at the MERCURY Office for a week, have found a brisk demand and many hundred of them have been disposed of. There are only a few left and the price is only five cents. The purchasers of these pictures have included men, women and children, in all walks of life, white and colored, American and foreign-born. Nearly every person who has called to buy a picture has taken occasion to speak of his deep love and esteem for Dr. Darrah. It is doubtful if any resident of Newport ever held the warm place in the hearts of the people of Newport that was won by Dr. Darrah.

A number of Newporters went to Providence on Friday to attend the hearing before the Interstate Com- merce Commission on the question of allowing the New Haven road to retain its water lines. There are few places in New England that are more vitally concerned in this matter than in New- port, where the great shops of the com- pany are located, giving employment to many hundreds of Newporters and dis- tributing a large pay roll in the city each week.

Miss Harriet E. Thomas, secretary of the Charity Organization Society, was tendered a pleasant surprise on Tues- day evening by a number of influen- tial friends, the occasion being the anni- versary of her birth. Miss Thomas will shortly leave Newport for a vacation, having been given a three months' leave of absence after a service of four- teen years in her present position.

The condition of Mr. David Brannan of this city, who has been seriously ill in Philadelphia, shows some improve- ment and the attending physician hopes to have him on his feet again before very long. He is able to take an in- terest in the affairs of the day, and asks frequently for news of Newport.

Miss Frances H. Peckham, a teacher in the public schools of Bristol, R. I., has been elected chairman of the execu- tive committee of the Bristol County Teachers Association. Miss Peckham is a daughter of Alderman and Mrs. John J. Peckham of this city.

Mr. Cornelius Moriarty, who died on Monday, had conducted the Cleveland House on Clarke street for a number of years and was well and favorably known in the community. He was a member of several church and fraternal organizations.

Mr. Edgar M. Phelps has gone to New York to bring back Mrs. Phelps who is convalescing from a serious operation. They will remain at "Slate Hill Farm" for some time.

Dr. William A. Sherman has been elected surgeon of the Newport Artil- lery Company with the rank of Major, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. R. E. Darrah.

The Providence Journal had an in- cendary fire in its editorial room on Thurs- day, which did damage approximating \$3000. There seems to be an inclination to think that the German propagandists may be responsible.

The Newport Gas Light Company has discontinued the sale of coke for the present on account of the shortage of coal at the Company's plant here.

TIVERTON.

Alice (Almy) Wilcox, wife of Harry Wilcox and oldest daughter of the late Frank and Annie Almy, died at her home this week. Mrs. Wilcox is sur- vived, besides her husband, by five brothers, Arthur Almy of Adamsville, William M. Almy of Portsmouth, John Almy of Westport and Herbert and Charles of this town, and six sisters. Mrs. Edson Wilkie and Mrs. Alonzo Rose of this town, Mrs. Robert T. R. Allen and Mrs. John Hamilton of New- port, Mrs. David Caspell of Portsmouth and Miss Edith Almy of Fall River.

Truck Hauls Steamer.

On Thursday afternoon, there was a test of the new method of hauling the reserve steamers to fires in emergen- cies without the expense of hiring horses by the year. Mr. Earl P. Mason had equipped the shaft of steamer No. 4 with a hook to fit into the eye bolt on the service truck, and the problem was as to whether or not the truck would be able to pull the steamer in this way. It was a rather trying test, as there was considerable snow on the ground and the travelling was very bad. How- ever, the steamer was pulled along at a reasonable rate of speed up some of the moderate hills in the city and along level ground. Those who saw the test seemed to be satisfied that this was an entirely feasible method of hauling the steamers when needed.

Steamer No. 5 will now be equipped in a similar manner and then the re- serve apparatus will be ready for action when needed. A movement has been inaugurated to start a memorial fund to the late Dr. Rufus Elmer Darrah. While the plans are not yet fully consummated, the memorial will probably take the form of a scholarship for Newport boys at the Harvard Medical School, of which Dr. Darrah was a graduate. Colonel Henry C. Stevens, Jr., is treasurer of the committee that has the affair in charge and will be glad to receive con- tributions from all the friends of Dr. Darrah, no matter how small the amount.

The March session of the Superior Court will open in this city next Monday.

MIDDLETOWN.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

The committee appointed by Aquil- neck Grange to aid in the extermina- tion of the loist caterpillar is feeling much encouraged by the progress being made by the school children in securing vast numbers of the egg clusters. Mrs. T. J. Knory of Cincinnati donated, un- solicited, a ten dollar prize to the child securing the largest number, two prizes of \$7.50 each, and \$25 for the work. The committee has further received \$10 from a man and his wife in New- port, and a \$5 gift from Providence. The committee is finding it a big under- taking to count the returns but is much gratified at the results.

Mr. Julian P. Peckham and Mr. John Dring celebrated their birthdays on February 29th, for the first time in four years, having been born on a leap year. Mrs. Dring had arranged a surprise party at their home, which comprised a party of the neighbors. She also had a birthday cake for her husband which held 80 candles.

Mr. Edward Corey is confined to his home with a broken rib. He was thought to have a partial shock which caused his fall in the road near his home where he was found last week by a passer by. He will be 89 in May and has been a man of unusual vigor and activity.

Miss Edith Hall of Norwyt, Ill., who has been spending the past five months with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber, has returned home.

Rev. John B. Diman and his sister, Miss Emily Diman, who have been in Chicago since early in January, re- turned Saturday to St. George's School. Mr. Diman is gaining steadily, although the Doctor wishes him to keep off his feet as much as possible as one leg has not recovered fully from the attack of phlebitis, which resulted from the operation for appendicitis.

A series of five stereopticon lectures upon the War will be commenced next Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church under the auspices of the Ep- worth League. Rev. P. E. Wells and Mr. Fred P. Webber being the Com- mittee in charge. One hundred slides will be used each evening, the lectures being given weekly on Wednesday evening.

An interesting address upon "Educa- tion" was given on Sunday afternoon at the M. E. Church by Rev. William E. Smith of East Greenwich Academy before a large congregation. He stated that the present enrollment at that in- stitution is one hundred students, the largest number in the history of the Academy. In the evening, Rev. P. E. Wells continued his talk to young people. On Sunday afternoon next, a class of probationers will receive the rite of baptism and be taken in to the Church.

The improvement in Herbert Chase's condition continues although he is still at the Newport Hospital.

At the recent meeting of Aquilneck Grange, State Master Joseph A. Peckham spoke upon "Fragrances," and there was a general discussion of the subject both by the men and the women. Mrs. J. A. Peckham gave a most inter- esting talk upon her recent trip to California to attend the National Grange. The meeting next week will be omitted, the Grange play, "Scenes in a Restaurant," to be given Tuesday evening at the town hall, taking the place of the regular date.

The Auxiliary to the Women's Home Missionary Society, recently formed at the M. E. Church, held its first meeting on Tuesday with the president, Mrs. Fred P. Webber. The meeting was devoted wholly to business.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Church of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross was held with Mrs. Clarence Thurston in Newport on Wednesday. There was but a small amount of business and the time was spent in looking over and pricing the articles to be sent this month to Point Barrow, Alaska. The April meeting will be devoted to the annual election of officers.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXV.

We Drive Them.

It was silent enough within—not a movement, not a sound. Outside there were scarcely any more noises audible—the occasional pawing of a horse, a distant thud of feet where some infantrymen were being hurried into position, and now and then an indistinct voice. The caution shown, the force displayed about the church, surprised me. Surely no such effort would be made merely because of a vague suspicion that a man and girl might be hidden within. The leaders all knew that I was not likely to surrender without a fight, and that I was armed, yet this could hardly account for such preparation.

Could it be they really had a faint glimmer of the truth—that they realized the possibility of a Confederate raiding party in the neighborhood? They had shot Harwood's picket, and knew him to be a southern cavalryman from the uniform he wore. This might account for the display of force with which they invested the church before demanding admission. No doubt the heavy log walls looked formidable and mysterious in the moonlight. But, if they really suspected a garrison within, why should their line be thus extended, within easy musket shot of the windows? The conclusion I arrived at was that Fox made this open display of force in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. He desired to capture instead of kill, and wished above all else to protect Noreen from danger. If we were alone within the church, escape was clearly impossible, and the probability strong that no resistance would be attempted.

The silence, the long wait, got upon my nerves. I could see little, and the few sounds reaching my ears conveyed no information of value. What were those fellows doing? What could cause their delay? The soldier behind me was humming softly; a foot scraped on the floor to the right; I caught the soft swish of Noreen's skirt as she changed position; the moonbeams glimmered on a lifted rifle barrel, there was all about a suppressed sound of breathing. Good Lord! would they never move! What could they possibly be doing out there?

A half dozen blows rang sharp on the wood of the outer door. Not a sound answered from within, although I could feel the men straighten up and sense the sharp intake of breath. Again the blows crashed, as if struck by the butt of a musket.

"Open up in there!" roared a voice, so muffled as to have no familiar



"Thar's Sojers Out Thar Now," Whis-
pered the Man Next to the Win-
dow.

sound. "Or we'll break down the door. Come, Mr. Spy, we's got you trapped." "Bergeant Wyatt, the Lieutenant wants yer," the whispered words swept down the line of waiting men, and I hurried forward. Harwood was in the dark vestibule close beside the big door.

"That you, Wyatt?" he asked, uncertain as to my identity. "They are after you, and have no idea anyone else is here. You answer, and warn them what they're up against. I don't mind a fight, but am hardly ready to commit murder."

"Do you hear me in there, Wyatt?" the gruff voice without called. "This is your last chance; come, don't be a fool. We know you are there, and there couldn't a rat get out and not be seen."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Is Captain Fox there?"

"Yes—here, Fox; the fellow wants to talk with you."

There was a sound of movement without, the murmur of a word or two spoken in subdued tones; then Fox's voice raised to carry through the intervening wood.

"Sorry this happens to be my job, Wyatt," he said. "For Miss Harwood's sake I hope you will not attempt to fight; we've got a total force out here of over two hundred men."

"So I see," I answered coolly, including Cowan and my old friend, the Lieutenant. Quite a compliment to send half a regiment after one man.

I spoke loud enough to be heard clearly. "This is going to be a fight, Captain Fox—a real fight."

"A fight! What you alone?" "Oh, no; there are men enough in this church to make it quite interesting. That is why I warn you—we are soldiers, not murderers."

"What, you think that bluff will work?"

"Captain Fox," broke in Harwood bluntly, his voice nervously sharp, "I command Troop C, Third Kentucky Cavalry. This is no bluff, sir. I give you fifteen minutes to withdraw your men; at the expiration of that time we open fire."

The surprise, the shock of this unexpected development and threat was plainly evident. I heard Fox stop back from the door and speak earnestly to someone; Moran swore savagely.

"What force have you?" he roared, the insane question causing Harwood to laugh outright.

"Come and find out," he answered mockingly. "Better go back to the other end now, sergeant," he added in lower voice, and gripped my hand. "The ball is about to open. Where is my lady cousin?"

"I put her on guard over the prisoner. She will be out of range there, and have something to do."

"And gives you another fighting man—I see. Queer duck, that preacher—a bit of a knave, to my notion, and one of the finest lads I have ever heard; he'll bear watching. Ah! our friend the major has come to his senses—look yonder! They are moving back out of range."

"Ay! and concentrating a heavier body of men this way."

"Of course; the first assault will be from the front. Tell Wharton to spare me two or three more men, and send a couple from your side. They may make a rush from all directions, but the real fight will be here; they are going to try us out, that is certain."

I walked back to my station. The line of men threatening this end of the building had been drawn aside, out of direct rifle range, and seemed to be grouped opposite each corner, and were so closely bunched together as to make any estimate of their numbers impossible. They were only shapeless shadows, with moonlight gleaming from their weapons, and an occasional voice breaking the ominous silence. There remained nothing to do but await their action, ready for whatever might occur. I passed along the wall from man to man, assuring myself each was at his station, with loaded weapon, and well-filled cartridge belt.

"The fight will begin in front," I whispered, unable to distinguish faces, "and no firing here until I give the word."

In the darker corner where the prisoner sat motionless against the log wall, my eyes could distinguish nothing.

"Noreen."

"Yes," and she stood up. "Couldn't you see me?"

"Not the faintest shadow. I—I wanted to thank you for the choice you made."

"You mean my coming with you? You are glad I did?"

"Yes, very glad," I said earnestly, "for you are just as safe here, and—and I would rather have you near me. This may prove a desperate struggle; we are terribly outnumbered—and—and, well, you know, you—you trusted yourself to me—you are under my protection."

There was no answer; perhaps I had said too much. Suddenly a volley roared out, startling in the stillness—a shout of command—the sharp bark of carbines—then a grim, threatening yelp of voices. One leap brought me to the window, with gun barrel thrust forward across the sill. Two black shadows were breaking up in headlong rush toward the door at the south corner. I saw figures, not faces, a gleaming of polished weapons, a huddle of leaping bodies.

"Fire!" I roared, my voice rising above the hideous din. "Give it to them!" and pulled trigger.

I have no clear knowledge of what followed—it was all so quickly over with; a mere mad moment crowded with vague glimpses, vanishing and changing in the lurid light of the guns. The whole interior of the church blazed and echoed, the smoke choking us with its fumes, the noise stunning our ears. I heard the clug of bullets flattening against the logs, smothered oaths, the crash of an overturned bench, a scream as shrill as a woman's, that made my heart leap, and Harwood's voice calling out the same word again and again. But although I heard all this, I hardly knew it, my whole thought riveted on those black figures in front of me—those reckless devils we had to kill or drive back.

And we did it! From every window, from every hastily smashed pane beside the door, we poured our fire—the carbines spitting into the dark, their sharp barking incessant. Barrels grew hot, the smoke drove back choking into our faces, but we pulled triggers, aiming as best we could in the moongleam, now changed to a red mist. They stopped; hung for a moment motionless, the ground dotted with the dead; then tried again. There was a roar of musketry, the crack of rifles; bullets chugged into the logs, and came crashing through the windows. Glass showered upon us, and the man next me went over like a log; someone struck me across the face with a bloody hand, and a shot splin-

tered the stock of my gun, numbing my arm to the shoulder. I gripped another weapon out of the stifling fingers of the man on the floor, firing again blindly into the smoke cloud. For an instant I could see nothing but that white vapor tinged with red and yellow flame; then some breath of air swept it aside, and the attackers were drifting back, reeling and stumbling.

"Stop firing!" I cried, "they've had enough. Pass the word to those men at the door."

The fight at the front held longer, yet it was scarcely five minutes when the last gun cracked, and a strange silence took the place of that hideous uproar. For an instant not even a cry from the wounded broke the stillness, the men leaning out of the windows watching the disorganized retreat. Then someone gave an exultant yell, and voice after voice caught it up, the old church echoing to the wild battle cry of the South.

"Steady, men, steady!" shouted Harwood from the door of the vestibule, his voice cleaving the din like the blade of a knife. "This is only the first act. Load!"

The light of the moon streamed in through the south windows, revealing the overturned benches, the moving figures along the walls, the smoke cloud drifting upward to the rafters. The Lieutenant picked his way down the narrow aisle. He was bareheaded and coatless, and even in that dim light I could perceive a dark stain, like coaling blood, on the front of his shirt.

"You are wounded?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing to worry over," he replied easily, his eyes laughing, "a mere touch in the shoulder, which, however, has put my left arm out of commission. Ah! fair cousin!" and he held up his hand in sudden greeting. "We who are about to die salute you."

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "Surely the victory is ours."

"Ay! we win the first round, but it has cost heavily. I doubt if I have such luck again. What loss have you, Wyatt?"

"Two wounded and one killed," I answered soberly. "We had Cowan's guerrillas to meet out there."

"Yes, I know; the infantrymen stormed the front, and the troopers peppered the side windows. Wharton has three down, while they got five of my lads. The front doors are fairly riddled. They'll consolidate next time, trust to the weight of numbers, and break through. They respect us now, but we haven't licked the fight out of them by a long chalk. I'm going to take three of your men."

He whispered a word to her, some good-natured pleasantry, I thought, as he bowed over her hand as though they parted in a gay parlor; then turned laughing away, and picked his passage down the aisle, a slender, debonaire figure, whistling a gay camp tune. I stared after him, scarcely able to comprehend such gay-spirited recklessness, when he stopped suddenly, and faced about.

"Do what you can for your wounded, Wyatt," he called back, his voice instantly serious, "and keep my fair cousin out of the ruck."

Several figures fell in behind him as he went forward—the man he had asked for from Wharton and O'Hare—all disappearing within the blackness of the vestibule. Leaving one man alone posted at each opening, I had the others of my small company bear the two wounded men to the farther corner, making them as comfortable as possible. The dead man was laid out on one of the benches, and then the three selected for that duty were sent to join the Lieutenant. This depletion of forces left me a window to defend alone against the second attack, the opening to the left of the pulpit, next to the corner in which lay the wounded men and the prisoner. As I crossed the platform and took my place, Noreen arose from beside one of the bodies and her hands grasped my arm.

"The soldier who was shot in the chest," she said, her voice trembling, "he—he tried to tell me something. I tore my skirt and bound it up, but there was no water. I—I wish he wouldn't groan so."

Her face, white in the moonlight, was uplifted; I even thought I could see the glint of tears in the eyes. Suddenly a great wave of sympathy, of regret, seemed to sweep over me, and I leaned the carbine against the wall, and clasped both her hands in mine.

"We grow accustomed to groans in war," I said swiftly, "but what humans me is your being here exposed to all this danger."

"Oh, to one who hurt me; I am not afraid for myself—truly I am not. Captain Fox would never permit them to harm me."

"True; if Fox comes through alive; but Cowan and Raymond are both here, and I know not which I distrust the more. I did wrong to permit your ever coming with me; to risk your life in so desperate a game."

"Do not say that, Tom," her voice eager and earnest. "I am no worse off here than I would be if you had left me in Lewisburg. It was my choice, and even now I would rather be here with you. Why," she paused, drawing in a quick breath, "if I had remained behind I might be helplessly in the grip of Anne Cowan! Have—have you forgotten that?"

"No, I had not forgotten; but there is danger enough here—more than you realize. You have never seen men mad with battle lust, crazed from victory. They see through a red mist, and forget sex. They are coming in here presently, bring and killing, smashing their way through from wall to wall. Your cousin is not the kind to ever raise a white flag—he'll go down fighting, and his men beside him. I've been thinking of it all, my girl, and there is one thing I want you to do now, before the final assault comes."

"What?"

"Let me send you out under flag of truce to the protection of Captain Fox. He'll guard you as he would his own daughter."

"And—leave you men in here to die?"

"To take our chances, of course; that is a part of the trade. Your remaining with us cannot change the

to die?"

"To take our chances, of course; that is a part of the trade. Your remaining with us cannot change the



She Buried Her Face in Her Hands.

result, whatever it may prove to be—and, with me, it is merely a choice between bullet and rope."

She buried her face in her hands, but there was no sound of sobbing. I waited, ashamed of my inconsiderate words, yet when her eyes were again lifted they were tearless.

"I know," she said, "and you feel that it will be best for you—for you, if I go?"

"Yes, Noreen," earnestly. "The very knowledge that you are here saps my courage. Surely you can understand why this should be so, for the more desperate our defense the more ruthless our enemies will prove in the hour of victory. The very knowledge of what the result may be would almost lead me to surrender, and, to a less degree, your presence here must affect your cousin."

"The Lieutenant! Why to a less degree?"

"Because," I broke forth swiftly, "you are less to him. There is no tie between you, except a distant relationship, that is all. His solitude is merely for the protection of a woman, while I cannot forget that you are my wife."

"A temporary matter, a mere form. So you wish to forget?"

"I did not say that, and have never thought it."

"Yet you regret?"

"Only because of the danger—here comes Harwood."

"Ah! my bold gunner of Staunton," he exclaimed as he stepped on to the pulpit platform, "and is everything still quiet here? Now you know what it means when they slug if you want a good time line the cavalry. Let me get a glimpse without."

He stooped forth into the moonlight, and our eyes took in the same scene. Except for the dead bodies lying in the open, there was little to see, although a few figures, apparently of men, moved back and forth at a distance well beyond range.

"As I thought, Wyatt," said the Lieutenant, finally turning about. "They are massing their forces again at the front. My lady, you will witness some real war presently."

"They may delay the next attack till daylight."

"No such luck; those fellows are soldiers, not Indians, and are anxious to get through with the job."

"I have been urging your cousin to let us send her out under flag of truce," I said quietly, "to the protection of Captain Fox."

"That is really what I came back here for," he admitted, "and we haven't any time to spare. What say you, fair cousin?"

She stood between us, and before she answered her eyes sought both our faces.

"My choice is to stay. Suddenly I felt her hand on mine. "You will not refuse me this privilege, Tom?"

"No," reluctantly; yet at the same time strangely delighted at the prompt decision, "but I thought the other best."

Harwood laughed lightly.

"Again the blood," he said, gayly. "Bah! so far as I was concerned the asking was mere form; the answer was already in the lady's eyes. But I must go back to my lambs."

"You have secured the door?"

"The best we can; braced it with benches solid to the wall. The wood will not resist long, but 'twill make an ugly abatis for the Yanks to clamber in over."

He lifted his cap gallantly, and turned away, humming some gay tune softly as he felt his way along the moonlit aisle. His very light-heartedness left me sober and depressed. She must have realized all this, for her handclasp tightened.

"You are sorry? You wished me to go?"

"I hardly know, Noreen; I have every confidence in Fox—who is making that noise? Is it the preacher?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

One Way of Escape.

He was propped up against the wall, not far from us, and I bent over, noting how he was bound. Instantly I cut the cords and began rubbing the man's wrists to restore circulation.

"I never noticed you were strung up like that, Nichols," I said earnestly. "Who did the job?"

"The sergeant," he answered, choking. "I tried to speak as soon as I saw you an' the lady yere, but I couldn't git the gas out er my mouth. Bend down a bit lower; I don't want none o' them sojers ter hear."

"All right—what is it?"

"Yer ol' Jedge Wyatt's boy, ain't yer?"

"An' she's the darter o' Major Harwood!"

"This is Noreen Harwood."

"I thought so, but thar ain't hardly light 'nough fer me ter be sure. I married yer over cross ther mountings—an' is Anne Cowan along with them Yanks out thar?"

"Yes, and all the gans, excepting old Ned, who was shot last night."

"You shot him?"

"Well, it was my pistol; we were fighting together. Suddenly a thought swept through my mind. 'See here, Nichols, you are in as bad shape as we are. Anne has treated you like a dog, and he will never forgive you for that marriage, even if it was performed to save your life—'

"It wasn't," he chuckled. "I wa'n't afeerd yer would shoot. I was thet nisd at Anne I didn't care; but I reckon he'll bout skin me alive if ever he ketches me yere."

"Do you know of any way out?"

He glanced about cautiously, to assure himself that no soldier was within earshot.

"The baptistry under the pulpit; this is a Baptist church, and ther is an opening in the floor just back of where you are. Feel a little to the left—yes, about thar—don't you touch an iron ring? What? Well, thar's one thar, an' it lifts two puncheon slabs spiked together."

"Yes, but what is below—just a tank?"

His voice trembled with eager excitement, and he gripped me tightly. "I ain't afeerd ter tell you, 'cause I know both yer daddies, an' I reckon yer'll take me 'long with yer, won't you? Yer won't leave me yere for ter face that Anne Cowan? Yer'll promise me that?"

"Of course, Nichols," I said soothingly, the man's cowardice almost disgusting. "If you show us a way of escape we'll go together if the chance comes—what is it? Speak quick!"

"I—I know the ol' trail over the mountings down ter Covington; I reckon as how you couldn't never git thar without me. I—I thought it all out while I was lyin' yere trussed up like a turkey, but they never giv' me no chance for ter get loose. Now if you folks will cut this yere rope often my legs I'll show yer how fer th' git out—an' nobody'll never know nuthin' 'bout it."

"Explain first," I said shortly. "As far as trust goes, I have confidence in you, Nichols, just so far as I can see you. What is below?"

"Five steps leadin' down inter' a wood tank," he explained slowly, realizing that his only hope of release lay in a full description. "It's empty now, an' dry as a board; ain't been a baptistry yere in six months. The place whar the water runs out is at the south side, right down 'gainst the bottom; ther cover ter the opening is screwed tight by a wheel. Ol' Ned Cowan made ther contraption, an' yer kin stand on ther upper step an' open an' shut the thing, an' never git yer feet wet."

"And how big is the opening?"

"Wal, I don't jist know, but I've crawled through thar fixin' a leak, an' I did it once, I reckon I kin again. 'Tat mor'n 'bout six feet beyond ther wall till it hits the edge o' ther ravine. Ther's why the Yanks didn't make no attack on thar side o' ther church—thar ain't no room."

The whole situation lay clear before me. I had no thought of utilizing this unexpected opportunity myself, for I meant to stay with the others, and perform my part of the fighting to the end. But here was protection, and possible escape, for Noreen. Yet could the preacher be trusted? Would he play fair if I released him, and left them alone together? Did not his interests also lie in getting away safely? What act of treachery could he commit, and, besides the girl was armed.

"How do you light this church?"

"Candles mostly," surprised at the question, "yer ain't goin' fer ter light up, are you?"

"Not here—no; but below; where is there one?"

"I reckon on thet thar shelf in the pulpit yer'll find a dozen or so."

"Bring a couple here, Noreen."

She slipped across silently, and came back with two in her hand.

"You are going to try to get away?" she whispered cautiously.

"No, not now. An opportunity may come later. If it was possible to slip all these men out I would gladly do so—but it is already too late for any such attempt. But there is a chance for you, and it is even barely possible that, when all hope of defense is over, I may find some way of joining you."

"You—you promise that?" she asked.

"If I consent to go, you—you will come later if you can?"

"Yes; I will pledge myself to accept every chance, when I can do no more fighting. I'll come to you, if I live. Now, Nichols, listen—I am going to set you free, and permit you to slip down through that trap door to this lady. She is armed, and she knows how to shoot. Attempt one treacherous trick and you pay the penalty."

"I ain't thet kind," he whined.

"Oh, yes you are; but it will never pay this time. Don't take your eyes off him, Noreen; the moment that trap door closes light the candle, and keep the revolver ready. Make him unscrew the cap, and leave it out of the way. Set the candle down in one corner as far back as possible. You better go out first."

"I—I am not to wait for you?" he wailed.

"Not in there—no; outside, for they might fire the building. Nichols, where is the best place for the two of you to hide so I could find you?"

"In the woods to the west; there is a trail half way down the ravine a climbin' up—an' ol' hog trail."

My fingers touched his throat, and I bent lower staring straight into his eyes.

"Now, mark well what I say, Nichols. I am going to release you, and give you a chance to get away. But you stay with the woman—do you hear! Stay with her until you both reach the Confederate lines at Covington. If I ever get out of here alive, and learn you have attempted any

trick, I'll run you down, Nichols, if it takes ten years. Now I'll cut the rope, and you creep over to where that thing is in the floor, and wait my order."

Evidently his limbs were numb from the tight cord, for he crept the few feet painfully, and then sat up rubbing the afflicted parts with both hands. I swept one glance out through the window, and then about the dim interior, endeavoring to locate the men nearest us. Only one stood close enough to observe our movements, and I sent him with a message to the sergeant.

"Now, Noreen," I whispered swiftly, "this is the best time. Take these papers; they are for Jackson; give them to the first Confederate officer you meet, and have them forwarded at once. Don't trust Nichols for a single moment out of range of your revolver."

"You will not come?"

"Not now; you would not wish me to desert my comrades—not would you?"

"Oh, I do not know! I do not know; it is so hard to decide. You really wish me to go? It will please you?"

"Yes."

"And you will come if—if you can? I am to wait, and—hope for you?"

"I pledge you my word, dear girl. She clung to my hands, her face uplifted in the moonlight.

"I—I am your wife," she said softly, and I—I wait you to—

Three shots rang out clear and distinct without, and a voice shouted hoarsely.

"Stand to it, ladst!" cried Harwood from the dark vestibule. "The Yanks are comin'!"

I swung her light form across the platform to where Nichols crouched. "Quick now, both of you! Careful! don't fall, Noreen! Go on, man; I'll close the trap—and God help you if you don't remember!"

(TO Be Continued.)

MIMICKED HIS BOSS.

When Nat Goodwin First Gave an Imitation of Stuart Robson.

Nat Goodwin had just finished his monologue at the Palace one night when William Dinkins, a veteran actor and lifelong friend of the comedian, said:

"Nat, I remember the first night you went on the stage at the Howard Atheneum and played Ned the Newsboy in Stuart Robson's production of 'Law in New York.' You gave imitations then, and I never heard better ones before or since."

"Well," replied Goodwin modestly, "they told me that my stunt went remarkably well that night. If you remember, after I had responded to several encores some of them in the gallery shouted, 'Imitate Stuart Robson!' I was afraid to imitate my manager, so I shook my head. Still they shouted, 'Robson, Robson!' He was standing in the wings, and as I came off I said: 'What can I do, Mr. Robson? They are clamoring for me to give an imitation of you!' 'Do!' said he in that falsetto voice so well known to theatergoers of that period. 'Go back and give the villains!'"

"On the impulse of the moment I went through an entire scene which the audience had just witnessed between Robson and a favorite player named Henry Bloodgood. As I assumed each voice, particularly Robson's, the applause was deafening, and at the finish, after repeated calls, Robson was obliged to take me on and make a speech, thanking the audience in my behalf."

"After the play Robson said to me: 'Young Goodwin, you have done two things tonight that I shall never forget—halted the performance

TEUTONS MAKE FURTHER GAINS

Tapping North and Northeast Sides of Verdun

IMPORTANT FORT ABANDONED

German Staff Threatened of Being and Lead Into Battle, but French Guns Prevented Its Occupation—British Guns Again Grouped "International Trench" Under Fire

London, March 3.—After a temporary lull, during which they sought to make good their claim to the battle line, the Germans have launched a new attack on a wide front north and northeast of Verdun.

These attacks, which were preceded by a bombardment of the French lines, especially in the region of Fort Souville, the French official statement reports that the German attack was repulsed and the "Teutons" were "driven back" by the French fire. The German attack northeast of Verdun are believed to have a tactical object. At last night's attack the German force was pinned up within a narrow strip of land between the French lines and the German attack line.

It is to believe that as well as to their own front line, the Germans, who were in the south-east, that the German attack are being made.

Generalissimo reports that Fort Souville has been abandoned by the French, who were unable to sustain the attack of the German lines. The French, who were unable to sustain the attack of the German lines, have been driven back by the Germans. A strong barrier line, however, prevents the Germans from occupying the works.

Fort Souville is the chief defense of Verdun from the northeast. It is immediately south of the village of Vaux, against which violent assaults have been launched by the Germans. In the seven days of fighting the Teutons claim to have won sixty-six square miles of territory. They say they have driven the French from their fortifications north of Verdun and have cleared the entire plain of the Meuse, forcing the defenders back to the forts on the chain of crests known as the Heights of the Meuse.

These forts are now under a terrific bombardment, not only from the twelve-inch and seventeen-inch German howitzers, but also from the famous "Big Berthas." These great forty-two-centimeter guns are mounted as far as fifteen miles back of the battlefield, according to dispatches. A shot from one is enough to reduce the most modern fort to twisted ruins.

So far, dispatches from Berlin insist, the German losses have not been severe. French estimates set them at from 120,000 to 150,000.

The Berlin reports, however, state that the German campaign plans have been directed especially to avoiding the possibility of great human losses. All arms of the service have collaborated with the result that the entire advance has been marked by tidal wave surges of men only after the artillery had effectually silenced the French batteries, for the moment at least.

Southeast of the shell-riddled town of Ypres an offensive by the British resulted in the capture of 800 yards of trenches, taken by the Germans in their "tryout" of the western front in February. Pressing their gains, the British drove in a small salient in the original German line, according to the report received from the British headquarters in France.

The situation remains unchanged on the Russian and Austro-Italian fronts. In Asia the Russians are keeping up their strong offensive against the Turks.

PORTUGAL IS THREATENED

Germany Demands Immediate Restoration of Seized Ships

London, March 2.—A dispatch from Madrid states that Germany has sent an ultimatum to Portugal demanding the restoration of German merchant ships, seized by the Portuguese government, within forty-eight hours. Otherwise the German minister will be recalled.

Preparations are already under way to facilitate the exodus of Germans from Portugal.

HUNDREDS ARE DROWNED

Cause of Loss of Troopship La Provence Not Definitely Known

Paris, March 1.—The French auxiliary cruiser La Provence, formerly in service as a transatlantic liner, was sunk in the Mediterranean, it was officially announced here.

The ministry of marine stated that there were about 1800 persons aboard and that approximately 370 had been saved. Ten boats are now at the scene of the disaster, continuing the search for other survivors.

Asks \$250,000 For Loss of Eye
Dedham, Mass., Feb. 29.—Eight distinct actions are brought by Mrs. Frances A. Kern of Brockton in the Norfolk court. She seeks to recover \$250,000 for the loss of an eye by a skyrocket in Brockton.

Reared C. Chisholm, a Gloucester, Mass., Jeweler and a well known member of the Gloucester Yacht club, committed suicide by drowning.

Louis A. Chandler, one of the best known corporation lawyers in Boston, died at the age of 55.

Creditors of Clinton W. Kinsley of Falmouth, Mass., who filed recently in the sum of \$350,000, will receive 10 cents on the dollar.

MOST BELOVED OF CROWNED WOMEN

Queen Mother Elizabeth of Roumania Dies at Bucharest

London, March 3.—A Bucharest dispatch says that Queen Mother Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), died yesterday at the age of 73. The pen name "Carmen Sylva" was chosen by the queen mother in expression of her love for music and the world. She was one of the most charming figures in the courts of Europe, and practically the only one of that generation to gain fame as a writer.

She was undoubtedly the most beloved, gifted and brilliant among the crowned women of her time. But her rare beauty and her unusual poetic talent did not protect her from unhappiness and mental suffering.

Her husband, King Charles I. of Roumania, died in October, 1914, past 75 years of age.

DIAZ ON THE MARCH

Said to Have an Army of Thirty Thousand Men in Mexico

New York, March 2.—General Felix Diaz called from New Orleans on Feb. 12 for Tucson, a Unit of Mexican troops, on a vessel owned by him, according to information to the New York Herald. He is said to have joined a force waiting for him in the interior, marching then to Oaxaca headquarters.



GENERAL FELIX DIAZ

Diaz has opened communication with the United States and France by way of Guatemala. The Herald says. A close personal friend in this city is named as authority for the statement that Diaz has 30,000 men under arms.

Woman 107 Years Young
Newburyport, Mass., March 2.—Still young and happy, she says, Mrs. Abigail Merrill celebrated her 107th birthday. Mrs. Merrill, with the aid of glasses, reads the newspapers and the Bible. Her hearing is impaired slightly. Her mind is clear and she has a splendid memory.

Roosevelt Not Primary Candidate
Springfield, Ill., March 3.—Secretary of State Strenuous received a letter from John W. McGrath, secretary to Theodore Roosevelt, stating that Roosevelt "has no intention of filing a petition as a candidate in the primary of any party in Illinois."

Home Rule Further Delayed
London, March 2.—The operation of Ireland's home rule act, which was passed shortly before the outbreak of the war, has now been postponed for the third time by an order-in-council for six months, unless the war is ended before that time.

Nevada Goes to Navy Yard
Boston, March 3.—The dreadnought Nevada, the largest battleship now completed in the United States navy, was turned over to the United States government by the builders, the Fore River company, at the Charlestown navy yard yesterday.

New Occupant of Death House
Boston, March 3.—In preparation for his electrocution, Anton Rekhovitz of Fall River was placed in the death house in state prison. He was sentenced to die during the week of March 12 for killing Donna Ferencbida with a razor.

Welfare Agent for Railroad
Atlanta, March 3.—The Southern Railway company announced the appointment of a welfare agent, at a salary of \$1800 per year, to "provide its employees with better opportunities for moral, social and industrial uplift."

Army Officer at Cabinet Meeting
Washington, March 1.—Major General Scott, secretary of war and interim, attended Tuesday's cabinet meeting. It was the first time since the Civil war that an army officer had sat at the cabinet table.

A \$15,000 fire destroyed a building at Holyoke, Mass., occupied by the C. F. Sullivan company, and damaged the Hotel Lawler and a cigar factory adjoining.

The New England branch of the American Jewish relief committee has raised \$121,341.11 in one month for the Jewish victims in the war zone.

With five children dependent upon him for support, James Calcutt, 42, whose wife was divorced from him three years ago, committed suicide at South Portland, Me., by shooting.

Jacob B. Anderson, for the past twenty-five years deputy collector of customs at Eastport, Me., died at the age of 55.

GREAT BATTLE ON IN CONGRESS

Storm Breaks Over President's Call For Showdown

HE WILL WIN IN SENATE

Signs of Breaking Up of Opposition in House—Gore Hopes That Wilson Said United States Might Aid Civilization by Entering War—White House Enters Denial

Washington, March 3.—Out of a stirring day's developments in President Wilson's fight with congress, the administration forces in the senate emerged with pledges of enough votes to kill Senator Gore's resolution to warn Americans of armed ships of the European belligerents and demonstrate that congress stands behind the president in his negotiations with Germany.

In one of the greatest non-partisan debates the senate has seen in years, Chairman Stone of the foreign relations committee declared he was not in accord with the president; Senator Lodge, the ranking Republican, pledged his support to the president's determination to secure to Americans their rights on the high seas, and Senator Williams denounced the president's opponents.

The senate adjourned until today, when the administration leaders plan to bring up the Gore resolution and table it, thus disposing of it finally as an embarrassment to the president in his conduct of diplomatic negotiations with Germany.

In the house, where the president was faced with further delay, the promise of administration victory in the senate gave signs of breaking up the opposition and the leaders are confident of similar action there.

Out of the senate debate came a turn which for the moment threatened to overshadow the real features of the contest and probably disclosed the basis for the agitation at the capital.

Senator Gore, while the senate sat, related a story that President Wilson, at his conference with congress leaders a week ago, had declared that Germany's insistence on her position in the submarine controversy probably would result in a breach of diplomatic relations; that a breach probably would be followed by war, and that "a state of war might not be of itself and of necessity an evil to this republic; but that the United States by entering upon war might be able to bring it to a conclusion by midsummer and thus render a great service to civilization."

Gore did not say the story was true, but that it came to him with such a concurrence of testimony and such marks of truth that he did not feel that he could discharge his duty as a senator and withhold it.

Chairman Stone of the foreign relations committee at once replied that the president never had stated to him nor in his hearing that he believed, or in any way entertained the thought, that war between the United States and Germany would be desirable or would result in good to the United States.

When the White House heard what Gore had said this statement was issued:

"When the attention of the White House was called to certain statements in Senator Gore's speech the president authorized an unqualified denial of any utterance to which any such meaning could be attached."

It was denied that the president said anything to convey the impression that he desired the United States to enter the war to shorten it or for any other reason, but he reiterated the necessity of upholding the national honor of the United States at all costs.

Brockton's Big Shoe Shipments
Brockton, Mass., Feb. 24.—A gain of nearly 11,000 cases for the month of February over the corresponding time in 1914 is the record made in shoe shipments for the last four weeks. During the month there were shipped 54,943 cases, or nearly 2,000,000 pairs, of Brockton-made shoes.

Family of Seven Burned to Death
Tolosa, Okla., March 1.—The bodies of seven persons were found in the ruins of a farmhouse which burned here. The dead are M. Creed, his wife and three children and his two brothers.

Flour May Drop Still Lower
Boston, Feb. 29.—Flour prices, which took a drop of 30 cents a barrel during the past three or four days, may still drop another 15 cents some time this week, according to many flour dealers.

Treaty With Hayti Ratified
Washington, Feb. 27.—The senate unanimously ratified the treaty with Hayti under which the United States assumes a protectorate over the turbulent island republic.

Congress Kill's Mileage Cut
Washington, March 3.—The house took its annual vote, this time 150 to 45, not to reduce members' mileage from 25 to 5 cents a mile.

With five children dependent upon him for support, James Calcutt, 42, whose wife was divorced from him three years ago, committed suicide at South Portland, Me., by shooting.

Jacob B. Anderson, for the past twenty-five years deputy collector of customs at Eastport, Me., died at the age of 55.

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\$12.50 A WEEK EACH FOR MOHR CHILDREN

Court Grants Widow's Petition For Regular Allowance

Providence, March 1.—Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mohr, recently acquitted of the charge of conspiring to bring about her husband's murder, appeared in court with her counsel, Arthur Cushing, and asked that, as guardian of her two children, she be authorized to make them a regular allowance for their support. The petition was granted and Judge Stone allowed each child \$12.50 a week.

Mrs. Mohr said in her petition that one of the children is in a private school and that she wishes to send the other to one also, but thought it best to get permission from the court.

Later her counsel filed suit against the estate for \$1200, claiming that Mrs. Mohr spent that amount on the children from Feb. 8, 1914, to Sept. 1, 1915.

DEATH OF HENRY JAMES

Noted Author Was an American Up to the Outbreak of War

London, Feb. 29.—Henry James, the novelist, died at his Chelsea residence last evening.

James was born an American, but died a British subject. In July, 1915, he took the oath of allegiance to the crown, explaining that he had lived and worked in England for forty years and had developed such an attachment for the country and sympathy with its people that he desired to throw his moral weight and personal allegiance into the British cause in the European war.

The distinguished novelist, critic and playwright was born in New York, April 15, 1843.

DEAD ENGINEER IS BLAMED

Failure to Head Signals Caused Wreck on New Haven Road

New Haven, March 1.—Failure of William R. Curtis, engineer of extra passenger train No. 6, to observe signals set against him and to obey them was responsible for the running of the train into the rear of the Connecticut river special on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at Milford on Feb. 22, according to the finding of Coroner Mix. In the wreck ten persons lost their lives and more than two score were injured.

The finding is made on the death of Miss Susan Hyland of this city, who was crushed to death in the wreck. The other deaths included those of Engineer Curtis and the fireman of the extra and a former employee of the company who was riding on that engine.

Suit Settled For \$1,250,000
New York, March 2.—The New Haven railroad's suit against John L. Hillard, former director, for \$2,700,000 has been settled out of court and the suit withdrawn upon Hillard's cash payment of \$1,250,000, it was announced by the New Haven company.

Wife Slayer Sentenced
Plymouth, Mass., March 2.—Joseph L. Roy of Brockton, who shot and killed his wife, Albertine, was found not guilty of murder by reason of insanity by a jury here. He was sentenced to the insane department of the Bridgewater state farm for life.

All For Wilson
Syracuse, N. Y., March 2.—In keynote speech and platform, Democrats of New York state, assembled in informal convention, ratified the administration of President Wilson and took steps to bring about his reelection.

Counterfeiting Outfit Seized
Providence, Feb. 24.—Federal officers went to the plant of the Eagle Stamping company and seized a complete counterfeiting outfit and arrested Mirker Dederian.

Forty-two longshoremen were arraigned at Boston on charges of violating the Sunday law. Each was fined \$5 and appealed.

Don't Worry About Pimples

Cuticura Soap And Ointment

Will quickly remove them.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 25¢. Send Book on request. Address: Cuticura, Dept. 210, Boston. Add throughout the world.

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THE FACT

That you are saving money and it is earning interest for you at the Industrial Trust Company is a strong incentive to add every spare dollar to your credit promptly. New accounts are cordially invited. You can safely send your deposits to us by mail. 4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY,

Office with Newport Trust Company. Money deposited before the 15th of February draws interest from the first.

No. 1916. REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, December 31, 1915.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$58,333.31
Overdrafts, uncashed	17.11
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00
Total bonds, securities, etc.	100,017.11
Subscription to stock in Federal Reserve Bank	100,000.00
Less amount unpaid	1,000.00
Banking House	1,270.00
Other Real Estate owned	25,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	13,270.00
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	6,900.52
Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	19,742.83
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)	53,412.32
Exchanges for clearing items	1,311.14
Outstanding checks and other cash items	8,887.24
Fractional currency	875.07
Notes of other National Banks	1,768.00
Coin and certificates	10,000.00
Legal tender notes	81,614.75
Items applied to with U. S. Treasurer	6,975.00
TOTAL	\$750,715.29

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	57,000.00
Undivided profits	1,000.00
Circulating notes	100,000.00
Due to approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	1,235.27
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	71,241.55
Dividends unpaid	2,901.00
Indefinite deposits subject to check	410,872.89
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	37,150.91
Certified checks	122.14
TOTAL	\$750,715.29

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport, ss:

I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD B. PERHAM, Notary Public.

County of Newport, ss:

I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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Winter Vacations in the

White Highlands

Of New England

Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long coast on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.

For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

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WHERE DRUGGISTS FLOURISH.

How the Business Is Run in the South American Republics.

Latin Americans are great believers in medicines and, due to the scarcity of physicians, are obliged to "doctor" themselves. Pharmacy is consequently profitable. With the exception of modern Europe, Canada and the United States, pharmacy is practiced in other lands of the world much as it was in the United States seventy-five or a hundred years ago, and this is particularly true of the republics to the south of us.

The individual druggist makes his own pills, extracts, tinctures, infusions and pulverizes his own crude drugs. Soda water fountains are few. The usual rubber goods, toilet articles, soaps, perfumes, instruments and sundries are carried.

Each druggist makes a line of his own specialties which he pushes. In addition to the standard drugs and medicines, he also carries remedies and medicaments known only in his immediate vicinity. They are mostly of Indian origin, compounded from roots, herbs or other ingredients, produced only in the country where he lives. These find a ready sale among all classes.

Superstitious ideas are prevalent, and these are frequently taken advantage of by the marcupulos. One pharmacist made a fortune selling Indian, half cures, and whites, for that matter, too, "pink love powders" and "white love powders." The white love powder was pulverized sugar, while the pink love powder was made of the same material colored. Indians would walk hundreds of miles to buy this precious powder.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

It is Said to Have the Most Trying Climate in the World.

The chief peculiarity about Kurna is that the natives believe the place where they live is the exact site of the garden of Eden.

The climate of Kurna is acknowledged to be the most trying in all the world. The heat is terrible in the summer time. It is claimed that the British government has a record of 159 degrees in the shade upon the bridge of a boat anchored in the river at Bureh, a little to the south.

The missionaries at Bureh tell of nights when the thermometer registers not less than 125 degrees. British sailors bound for the Persian gulf in the summer time usually desert if they can. Perhaps in Arizona the thermometer rises nearly as high, but there is the dry air, while in the Persian gulf it is exceedingly moist.

The Europeans at Bureh must pass the days in underground chambers, or subterranean, while a native boy pulls a huge fan, or punkah, suspended from the ceiling to keep the air in circulation. The nights are spent on the roof, for it is impossible to sleep below.

In the winter time the air seems exceedingly cold, for the marshes are filled with salt, and as the wind sweeps over the plain the moist air is peculiarly penetrating. Frequently the Arab, benumbed by the cold, falls from his horse.—Christian Herald.

Where Plato Taught.

The famous academy of Plato was in a suburb of Athens, about a mile north of the Dnyllon gate. It is said to have belonged to the hero Academia; hence the name. It was surrounded with a wall and adorned with walks, groves and fountains. Plato possessed a small estate in the neighborhood and for some fifty years taught his "divine philosophy" to young and old assembled in the academy to listen to his wise words. After Plato's death in 348 B. C. the academy lost much of its fame, but the beauty remained for centuries after the great teacher was no more.—New York American.

The Margin of Leisure.

A broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book. Haste makes waste no less in life than in housekeeping. Keep the time, observe the hours of the universe, not of the cars. What are three score years and ten hurriedly and coarsely lived to moments of divine leisure in which your life is coincident with the life of the universe? We live too fast and coarsely, just as we eat too fast and do not know the true savor of our food. We consult our will and understanding and the expectation of men, not our genius.—Thoreau.

Inducements to Matrimony.

There prevails in some parts of Britain a curious marriage custom. On certain festive days the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes 100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents 1,000 francs a year.

Volcano Made by Man.

At Brule, France, is the most remarkable volcano made by man. Originally it was a mass of coal, millions of tons. One day about a century ago the coal caught fire, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smoldering mass has a genuine crater.

Paradoxical.

"There was a funny thing about that counterfeit note charge."
"What was it?"
"The grand jury found a true bill in the case."—Baltimore American.

The grandest of all human sentiments—what is that? It is that man should forget his anger before he lies down to sleep.

Real Bigness.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi rivers by saying:

"Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."—Exchange.

MYSTERY OF STEEL.

Our Modern Civilization Is Based on a Freak of Nature.

If it were not for one thing, erratic break in nature's orderly progression we should never have had the machinery that has brought about modern civilization. For we should not have had steel. It is true we should have had iron, but pure iron is almost useless. It is only when a small quantity of carbon is added to it that it becomes hard enough to take a cutting edge. Then it is called steel.

Why steel happens is an unsolved problem. The Scientific American reproduces some extracts from an address before the British Institute of Mechanical Engineers, delivered by Professor Arnold, who has for many years been investigating the chemical and mechanical relations between iron, carbon and other metals, and Sir Robert Hadfield's experiments that called attention to this "break" in the order of nature which alone makes steel possible.

Nickel and cobalt are so closely related to iron in their properties and in their position in the periodic classification—that atomic weights, specific gravity, fusing point and valence being almost the same—that it might be expected they would behave identically when united with carbon. Not so, however.

Sir Robert Hadfield found that when the "steel" made of nickel and cobalt was heated or hammered the carbon came out of the composition and was precipitated as graphite. If iron behaved this way too steel would turn to cast iron as soon as heated. And it is on the fact that it does not—a seemingly quite erratic departure on nature's part from her orderly plan—that modern manufacture is founded.

LOFTY ACOMA.

Strange Indian Village Perched High Up in the Air.

Perched on the top of a great rock in the neighborhood of 300 feet high stands Acoma, in New Mexico, in some respects the strangest village in this country. Acoma is an Indian settlement of some 600 people and means "the people of the rock." Though the founding of the village is lost in the mist of antiquity, it is supposed the Acoma Indians chose this site as a measure of safety against the warlike Apaches and Navajos of their day. Their selection was made with admirable judgment, for the walls of the rock are almost perpendicular.

The earliest Spanish explorers found the tribe settled securely in their natural fortalice. Acoma has remained delightfully untouched by the influences of Spanish and American civilization. These Indians are quite well to do in sheep and cattle, which are pastured on the grazing lands of the valley, where summer villages are located and where the minimum of effort is required to care for the flocks and herds. Although less than twenty miles from a railroad, the village is comparatively unknown.

The natives do not care for curious visitors. They do not wish to be stared at and photographed. Nevertheless, the irresistible tourist with his camera occasionally scales the steep that bled the Navajo. Nowadays it is no longer practicable to suppress him with a tomahawk, so the Acoma are philosophically making the best of a bad job by collecting \$2 a day for a camera license. The gray adobe village peers from its eyrie over miles of gray plain, broken only by the sheer outlines of buttes and mesas.—Argonaut.

The Cherokee Tribute Stone.

There are, of course, stairs running up the inside of the Washington monument, but few people walk up the stairs. Of course there are stones set in the wall by different states that are well worth the climb, but at sunset time the majority of folk think that it is better to ride. There is so much to see in our capital and feet are only—feet. As the elevator crawls up one sees the New York stone, the Ohio stone, the Kansas stone and many others. One sees a blurred stone labeled "The Cherokee Nation." Somehow that stone depresses a few people, for the white man has done little for his Indian brother in return for his land, his game, his dying race—his memorial stone.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in Christian Herald.

Races of Mankind.

Authorities differ greatly in the classification of the races of mankind. Cuvier makes three races; Pritchard, seven; Agassiz, eight; and Pickering, eleven. But the classification most commonly accepted is that into five races, as made by Blumenbach, as follows: The Caucasian, European or white race; the Mongolian, Asiatic or yellow race; the Ethiopian, African or black race; the American Indian or red race; the Malay or brown race.

The "Earl Strad."

The most valuable remaining product of Stradivari, the famous seventeenth century violin maker, is part of the Havemeyer collection of New York and is known as the "Earl Strad," because the master dedicated it to the earl of Northumberland in return for financial favors.

Raving.

"John, the cook has been drinking again."
"Is he very drunk?"
"Oh, very. She says she'll never leave us."—Washington Star.

Honey.

Honey has been known from the earliest times. The Scriptures make mention of it, and pagan writers celebrated its virtues. It was called "the milk of the need" and was thought to prolong life. Honey was also used in the embalming of the body after death.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Cause of Vexat.

Undoubtedly for everything there is an ample cause. Far be it from the likes of me to knock on nature's laws. But why do modern architects assume that U is Y and carve in stone that palpable and bold absurdity? The language used to be so poor, so terribly in debt, that it could not afford a U to grace the alphabet.

But now that we possess the U with soft and graceful curve, of unexcelled docility and willingness to serve, why do they carve United States and public school and such and make the English language look as funny as the Dutch, with restaurant and Pullman car and university and other marks of educational perversity?

That U impresses some of us as cheap and gaudy stuff, which prevents any pill in place of more substantial stuff, but people who are fashioned out of yppreciousness that view all such affliction with an unassuming disgust. Such exhibitions always make us very given and alive. Now, honest U, don't they have the same effect on you?—Printer's Ink.

Hospitality in Greece.

Hospitality as understood in the west is not characteristic of the Greeks, who in their own country rarely invite friends to their tables. In her "Greece on the Hellespont" Miss Lucy Garnett relates how on one occasion she and a friend were invited into the suburbs of Greece by a Greek lady who was giving a birthday tea to her young son and his playmates. "My share of the entertainment," says Miss Garnett, "consisted in watching the little boys feed, for neither a cup of tea nor a slice of the birthday cake came my way or the way of my companion, whose hospitality the hostess herself frequently enjoyed." This apparent ingratiation is, of course, entirely due to the custom of the country. The writer adds that the same hostess on coming to England entertained like the average Briton.—London Chronicle.

The First Bomb.

The bomb came into being during the troublous times in France toward the close of the eighteenth century. Its inventor was a French fanatic named Chevalier, who had conceived such an intense hatred of Napoleon that he determined to kill him.

Being employed at a government small arms factory, he had gained some knowledge of explosives, and with this knowledge he managed to construct a bomb out of a barrel, which he filled with a mixture of powder, bullets, broken glass and white arsenic.

Chevalier's idea was for the bomb to explode under Napoleon's carriage as it passed through the streets of Paris. A miscalculation, however, caused it to go off a few seconds too soon.

Had Chevalier succeeded in his object the whole history of Europe would of course have been changed.—Pearson's Weekly.

Getting into a Scrape.

Many years ago the wild deer that roamed through the forests of England used to dig holes in the earth with their forefeet. They pawed it out sometimes to the depth of several inches, sometimes a foot or more. These holes were called "scrapes," and travelers at dusk or night or those who were careless about their footing often tumbled into them. They were laughed at for their heedlessness when they came home covered with mud, and as this frequently occurred after they had been imbibing a bit they were said to have "got into a scrape." Some Cambridge students took up this expression, and thus it came to be applied to people who had got into difficulties of various sorts.

The Sun in Winter.

In winter we are 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than in summer. Some may think that if this statement is true we ought to have warmer weather in winter than in summer, but it must be remembered that the heat we receive from the sun depends very much upon the direction of its rays. In summer, the sun's rays are more vertical than in winter; hence the days are warmer.

Seeing Around Corners.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater convexity of their eyes, enabling them to see around the corner, so to speak, behind and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.—Chambers' Journal.

Freezing Water.

Water contracts until it is reduced to 40 degrees and then expands till it freezes. The expansion of frozen water is because the ice crystals fit less closely than the particles of water did. Nine cubic inches of water will become, when frozen, ten cubic inches of ice.

Learning Drilling.

Bill—Where's your brother?
Jill—Oh, he's downtown learning to drill.
"Abl! Is he going to be a soldier?"
"No, a dentist."—Yonkers Statesman.

Carrots Fed Cows to Color Milk.

Carrots are sometimes fed to color the cow's butter. Milk is not richer when yellow, but only has more coloring matter from the cow's feed.—Farm and Fireside.

Be of good cheer about death and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.—Plato.

Ringing Up the Curtain.

Fashions in plays change as well as the fashions in the time of ringing up the curtain. At the time of the restoration in England the curtain rose at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Garrick in 1741 rang up his curtain at 4. By 1824 the hour had become 6 and twelve years later 7 o'clock.

This Very Day.

"Seize your opportunity," was the advice of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece. To grasp the swiftly moving moment is the repeated injunction of the Bible. "Teach me to number my days," said Moses. "Make me to know mine end and the number of my days," said David, and Job, who had a peculiarly sure grasp on the things that make for success in all departments of life, is conscious that the days fly through his hands "swifter than the weaver's shuttle."

Lord Chesterfield said that the Duke of Newcastle lost an hour in the morning and spent the rest of the day looking for it. Benjamin Franklin's cry of regret should be a warning to us who do not regard the systematic of our day's task: "How I lose my time! What an unarrangeable life mine is!" The uncertainty of life as well as its swift passage should incite us to live to the top of our ability today. We say, "Some day I hope to get time to read," "Some day I hope to get time to attend to cultivating religious habits," "But 'some day' is today or probably never."—Christian Herald.

Painting Hooks and Eyes.

There are many methods of mechanical painting, and some of the most extraordinary are described by Arthur Seymour Jennings in his book, "Painting by Immersion and by Compressed Air." One method, for such articles as books and eyes, eyeglasses and very small iron parts generally which cannot be successfully dipped or sprayed, is known as "tumbling." The articles are placed in a machine something like a churn, together with a number of steel balls, usually of very small diameter, and a given quantity of Japan. The churn is then closed down and given a dozen or so rapid turns, during which the steel balls carry the Japan to every part of the articles. The contents of the churn are then dumped out on to wire trays. These being agitated, the steel balls fall through the meshes, leaving the painted iron parts behind.

Disinfect Your Pets.

Many children and adults acquire skin diseases from the household pets. Such diseases as ringworm and barber's itch are transmitted by the cats and dogs. An epidemic may be started by germs being carried into the home. Every member of the household may develop disease acquired from carelessly petting a stray cat or dog on the street. Dogs are fond of filth. They delight in grunting in heaps of manure or refuse of any kind and for this reason should be regarded with suspicion.

The stray pets should be treated to an antiseptic bath before being fondled. Your own pet dog after a run out of doors should have a disinfectant bath before it is again permitted to sleep on the lounge or sit upon your lap.—Philadelphia Record.

Building a House in Japan.

In Japan if one wishes to build a house he first proceeds to make certain that the site is "respectable." It is not he must have the ground purified. A curious incident of this nature developed not long ago when a native decided to build in Tokyo on the ground formerly occupied by the Ichigaya jail. The carpenters would not begin work until the priest had been called in and purified the spot. He brought with him bamboo rods and shimmels and rice and with weird incantations turned north, south, east and west, uttering his formula four times and scattering bits of paper and rice at each delivery. The spirits of all inmates long dead thus propitiated, the carpenters went contentedly to work.

In an Ancient Korean Coffin.

Workmen engaged in repairing the ruins of the old Shilagi dynasty tombs in Korea, while employed in a ninth story tower, discovered a stone coffin about two square feet in the third story of the tower. In the coffin were a jeweled ornament, a gold bell, a silver bell, some old coins, a gold vase, a stone gourd, some combs shaped jewels and several other rare articles, all relics of ancient times, dating back 1,300 years.

Overworking the Superstitious.

"Henry," said the superstitious hostess to her husband, "you simply must find another guest."
"What's the trouble now?" he asked.
"There are thirty of us to sit down."
"I know, but there were forty-three invited and exactly thirteen didn't come."—Boston Transcript.

Dodging.

"If I had my way," said the positive woman, "I'd make every unmarried man pay a special tax."
"What would be the use?" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Any man who can successfully dodge matrimony would surely succeed in dodging his taxes."—Washington Star.

Religion of India.

The religious beliefs of India are numerous and range from Buddhists in the east, pagans in the north and Mohammedans in the northwest, through the great bulk of Hindus to the center, to Buddhists and Christians in the extreme south.

Quite So.

"Your friend is rather a well seasoned man, is he not?"
"Well, he's an old salt, with a peppery disposition."—Baltimore American.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor.—Temple.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always Bears

the

Signature of

J. C. H. H. H.

MARVELS OF ACCURACY.

Wonderful Instruments in Uncle Sam's Bureau of Standards.

Standing on one of the many high hills that fringe the nation's capital is a group of buildings that house one of the greatest aggregations of wonder workers in the new world. In their enchanted chamber truth makes fiction seem tame and commonplace. Men make fairies appear, weak, insipid and impotent as doers of strange things.

Entering, one may see a grain of sand become a mountain, an inch become a mile, an unappreciable ceph become a howling storm, the footfall of a fly become the thundering tread of a draft horse upon a thrashing floor, the heat of a candle a roaring furnace, the unperceived warmth of a star a cheering fireside and the pressure of a finger the force of a thousand plants in one.

These enchanted chambers are the creation of the United States bureau of standards.

Here can be seen instruments of such delicacy and precision that the mind at first fails to grasp the full significance of what they can accomplish.

In one room is a balance so sensitive that the mere presence of the operator's body generates an amount of heat sufficient to disturb its accuracy.

In another there is one so delicately adjusted that it shows the loss of weight due to the reduction of the earth's attraction when two pieces of metal are weighed one upon another instead of side by side.

Remarkable beyond the imagination are the heat measuring instruments which register infinitesimal fluctuations of temperature. A ray of light may have started ten years ago from some distant star and may have spent all of those ten years hurtling earthward bound through space at a gait so astounding that it could glide the globe in far less time than it takes to blink the eye. Yet when it falls upon the sensitive balometers at the bureau of standards they will tell the observer how much heat that ray brought with it from the star to the earth.

Such are a few of the most delicate instruments. But there are others which are as powerful as they are sensitive.

In the engineering laboratory there is a huge testing machine which can tear apart the strongest steel girders used in building great skyscrapers, while on the floor above are little electrical furnaces capable of generating a heat intense enough to melt the most refractory materials. The bureau can measure accurately cold great enough to liquefy the very air we breathe and heat which can melt solid rock.—National Geographic Magazine.

"Women's Tongues" of Nassau.

You emerge from the custom house shed of Nassau to the Bahamas into the warm, spicy murmur of the negro thronged street that tells you that you are in the tropics. This murmur you soon perceive is compounded of a curious sort of shuffling of feet—the effect of the loose down at heel shoes or slippers affected by the negroes—the soft, cooling dark voices, pathetically childish and friendly, to which a note of exhilaration is added by a breezy rattling overhead that puzzles you till you discover its origin in the great bean pods of the poinciana trees. "Women's tongues," the natives call them, because of their keeping up this continuous stream of chatter even in the stillest day.—Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine.

The Human Voice.

You may find two persons who resemble each other. You may find them of the same size and weight and complexion and disposition. But you will never find two whose voices are the same. For there seems to be that about a human voice which is individual, never to be copied, never to be resembled by any other.

There is not another person upon the whole earth whose voice could deceive you as being the voice of an acquaintance, whether you catch only a few faint whispers or hear it distinctly.—Columbus Dispatch.

Von Moltke in Arabia.

The most famous of German leaders, Von Moltke, gained his first taste of warfare in Turkish Arabia in 1839. The future "organizer of victories" was attached to the sultan's armies, which were utterly routed by the Syrians under Ibrahim Pasha at Nezib, and he escaped only by riding two days and two nights almost without a pause and with no food save half a biscuit, two onions and a glass of water.—London Opinion.

Ink Erasing Blotter.

Take an ordinary sheet of blotting paper and steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid or potassium persulfate and dry. While the ink spot is still moist apply the blotter, and the ink will be entirely removed. If the ink is dry moisten and apply the blotter.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Doctor Knows.

"Humanity owes a great many debts to medical science," observed the philosopher.
"That's right," agreed the physician.
"You would be surprised if you knew how hard it is for a doctor to collect his bills."—Spokane Review.

Marvelous.

He—There is no doubt that nature's works are indeed marvelous. She—Aren't they? Only fancy, even the tiniest insect has its Latin name.—London M. A. P.

Read not to contradict nor to bellow, but to weigh and consider.—Heron.

Landed on Her Feet.

Wife (during the spat)—I must have been a fool when I married you.
Hub—Undoubtedly. But the old adage stood by you—"A fool for luck."—Boston Transcript.

Anatomical.

She sang softly leaning in the cradle of his arm, her hands in his, their hearts in each other's hands.—Jack London's "Martin Eden."

Tree Bark Glue Brush.

An excellent glue brush for the cabinetmaker or carpenter can be made from a piece of elm tree bark, which may usually be found in the yard of a furniture factory, wagon shop or any hardwood lumber yard. With a sharp knife whittle away the brittle outer bark down to the white fiber or inner side of the bark of which the brush is to be made. Cut a piece of this to the length and width required for the brush. Soak one end of this piece in hot water for a few minutes. Lay the water soaked end on a hard substance, such as a piece of iron or hard wood, and beat it out with a hammer, dipping it in the water occasionally to keep it thoroughly wet. The beating will cause the tough fibers of the bark to separate at the end, these forming an excellent and inexpensive brush which never sheds hairs and lasts longer than the cheap brush commonly sold at the store.—Popular Science.

How It Looked to Him.

"Ah, do tell me something about the play last night. They say that climax at the close of the third act was simply grand," she said.

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," he replied without any marked degree of enthusiasm.

"Can't you describe it to me?" she continued, beaming radiantly.

"Why," explained he, "the hero came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of blue ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of blue, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon, snatched him twice and snatched half a dozen, into a very handsome algal. This was round a trifle queer, but the lady in front of me came in late for the performance and became so intensely interested that she forgot to remove her hat, and that's how it looked to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Folk Songs of Serbia.

The folk songs of Serbia are less known outside the borders of that country than the songs of any other nation, but some day a great musician is expected to arise and make the Serbian music known throughout the world. Just as the composers of Austria, Vienna and Russia have made their folk songs known.

It is in these folk songs that the Serbians express chiefly their devotion to their country and their intense patriotism. There are, of course, love songs, death songs and harvest songs, but it is in these wild patriotic outbursts that the Serbian spirit is best shown.

For the Serbian is intensely patriotic. As a nation it is homo loving. The principal industry is agriculture, and the natives, on account of the mountainous regions, have much of the spirit of the Swiss patriots.—Exchange.

Sumptuary Laws of Cape Town.

Cape Town once lived under so severe a code of sumptuary laws that anything like display was restricted to the governor and his immediate circle. Thus runs article 10 of the Dutch laws against luxury and ostentation: "No one less in rank than a junior merchant and those among the citizens of equal rank and the wives and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas." In practice this restricted the possession and use of umbrellas to about fifty persons in Cape Town.

Some Improvement.

"Mrs. Dubwaite doesn't seem to mind how much Mr. Dubwaite operates the phonograph."

"In the language of a well known advertiser, 'There's a reason.'"

"Yes?"
"As a choice between two evils, Mrs. Dubwaite much prefers the phonograph. Mr. Dubwaite's favorite diversion in the evening used to be picking out a tune on the piano with one finger."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Unicorn.

Chinese annals of great antiquity contain numerous detailed accounts of the supposedly fabulous unicorn, in which the descriptions are identical with those handed down from the earliest times in the mythology of occidental countries. From this it is inferred that at some time in the remote past there actually did exist a single horned equine or cervine animal of some sort.

A Problem.

Oldbatch—What are you trying to figure out? Longsuffer—A little mathematical puzzle. Some time ago my wife said she'd be dressed in a minute, and shortly after my daughter said she'd be ready immediately. I'm trying to find out which one will come first.—New York Globe.

Anticipating.

"Have you heard that Biglow's daughter is going to marry a millionaire?"

"Yes. Heard it yesterday. Biglow tried to borrow \$10 from me on the strength of it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Universal Demand.

"The trouble with our son," said father, "is that he wants his own way about everything." "Yes," replied mother, "and I suppose that's what he thinks about us."—Washington Star.

A Trace of Kindness.

He—Can't you find anything pleasant to say about the members of my family? She—Well, I remember they were all opposed to our marriage.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

The Latin Language.

Latin was one of the original languages of Europe, and from it sprang the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages. Many words of our own language are of Latin origin. It is said to be spoken in Italy about 80,000,000 and was first taught

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The Bond of Sympathy.

The girl rode with her chin on her shoulder, for she had lost her way, and behind her was a rapidly sinking ball of red fire. Already the sky to the north and south, shot with green and blue, blazed in a pale emanation of light and azure in the west, proclaiming an early October sunset. If she could only gain hard ground before darkness fell, she was confident that the rainy, damp, sticky air of which she was hoping across the sand hills, would know the way home.

"Oh, Snip! Dear little Snip!" she begged. "Climb this one first, and I do believe you shall see something familiar on the other side."

Her voice ended almost in a sob. Snip dashed his head at the sound. In a few weeks' time he had learned to like this little mistress, who had come to town for alfalfa hay he coveted, and sometimes gave it to him with her own hands after one of their long jaunts.

Just as the sun disappeared below the horizon, she turned and saw ahead of her—blazing right—a tall country, and, in the distance, the white buildings of the Somershill ranch.

The pony, elated at the prospect of real and supper, broke into a smooth run. Perhaps he had known where he was all the time. The rapid motion was so exhilarating that the girl held a loose rein for fear of checking him. She did not see where the earth in front of her was a moist brown, and barely picked. The first indication she had of the gopher-hole was when she felt the sudden dip of Snip's left forefoot, and was flung over his head.

Lying there on the ground in a crumpled heap, she saw the pony scramble up and gullup on. She called, but he did not even turn his head. Snip, the faithful Snip, the steady old-timer who had been represented as knowing better, floundered and floundered to be calling.

The short twilight of the plains suddenly ended. She had three or four miles to go—miles of night, and she had always feared the dark. Often she had closed her eyes and courted sleep in order to shut the howls and snappings of the coyotes. (Cattle-skins might hurt her path, too.)

It was possible to discern a coyote between the mesquite bushes, and into this she stepped, knowing that it would lead to the wells near the ranch. But her recent panic over being heard the crackling of brush and the sound of a step she gave an involuntary little shiver of fright.

"All right," called a gruff voice, and in the dim starlight she could make out the figure of a man on a horse. As he drew nearer he dismounted. "Who is it?" he demanded.

"Nell Newcome," she answered, as he stepped in the trail beside her, "the new teacher at Somershill."

"I saw your horse," said the voice that belonged to a shadowy form of six feet and more.

"Why didn't you catch him?" she asked.

"He was too far away. Thought I'd better hunt the rider," he replied.

As he took her by the arm to help her to mount his horse, she gasped with sudden pain.

"My wrist!" she cried. "Oh, my wrist!"

Quickly he produced a match from the pocket of his leather leggings. When the light flashed he was holding her hand in his big, rough one.

"Sprained," he said laconically. The match flickered and went out. He untied the bandanna from about his neck and knotted the ends together. Slipping this over her head he raised the injured arm and gently placed it in the improvised sling.

He struck another match to see that all was adjusted properly. This time the girl looked at her deliverer and not at the wrist. She noticed the long, dark lashes sweeping the sunburned cheeks, the square chin, the touselled, dark curls on the high forehead, the big sombrero pushed back jauntily.

Then, as she came back to the lashes again he glanced up. For an instant the dark eyes held the blue ones—an instant fraught with dire embarrassment for both. Each felt much as the person does who, glancing over his shoulder in curiosity at a retreating figure he has just passed, beholds the other looking back at him.

When she was in the saddle he placed the lines in her right hand.

"Why don't you ride, too?" she asked.

"My horse won't carry double," the man said shortly.

She would have protested, but the pain in her wrist made her bite her lips, and she grasped the saddle-horn to steady herself.

They proceeded for a time in silence, but the woman must talk.

"You see, I don't know the country or the people," she confessed. "It's a good thing you came along, for I don't know where I am even now."

He pointed to where a star twinkled brightly on the horizon.

"That is the light of Somershill," he said.

She shivered slightly. Noticing it, he reached for the bridle and stopped the horse. She glanced around curiously. He was untying his coat from behind the saddle. Soon he had it about her shoulders. As he fastened the top button he remembered her hurt arm.

"Does it hurt you fastened like that?" he asked solicitously.

"No, but you need it," she objected. "I often ride all night without putting it on," he said.

He was walking slightly in the rear. "You're so nice to me!" she said after a time. "Walking all this way, making my wrist as comfortable as you can, and giving me your coat."

There was no response.

"I'm not used to very much thoughtfulness," she continued. "You see, I'm an orphan, and at my uncle's where I'm supposed to live, it is awful crowded. There really wasn't room for me, so last year I went out to teach. My first school was in a wild country. I had to ride three miles each way, and at last it became unsafe. An outlaw, known as Kid McLean killed two men within two weeks just before I left. It was dangerous for a woman to go about alone."

"It's safe enough—for women," he replied.

"Just the same, I don't like to be alone on the prairie at night," she sighed. "I'm a dreadful coward. It's a good thing you came along."

"Yes, it's a good thing I came along tonight," he said. "It kind of helps to make up for the other time when I was too late."

"Was someone lost that other time?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "My only sister and I lived together alone. I came in from a long ride, one night, just in time to save her from some cowardly ruffians. But she had been almost frightened to death, and she died two weeks later."

"Oh!" she said feelingly. "Oh, I'm sorry! What's her name?" she asked, shuddering in spite of herself.

"Further north, he answered, and then she felt that his reticence had returned.

"Something like that might have happened to me if I had stayed in that Kid McLean country," she said. "And I should not have had a brother to defend me."

He reached up and laid his hand over the little one on the horn of the saddle, in silent sympathy. She made no effort to withdraw her hand.

"Look!" he said, after another silence.

A great mellow light was in the east. Presently into the midst of it rose a resplendent moon, almost red as the shining sun which the girl had watched disappear with such trepidation.

She emitted a suppressed cry of delight, and the man beside her looked up at her. The white blue eyes were radiant, the night wind stirred the stray strands of brown hair about her winsome face, her lips were parted in a smile of appreciation.

"I'll never forget how you look at this moment!" he said, and the softness of his voice seemed to melt into tenderness.

Something in the depths of her heart thrilled at the sound.

"It's a mighty good thing you happened along," was all she found to say. The silence this time was eloquent.

After a while he took the bridle again, and turned the horse's head abruptly to the north. There, only a few stony steps ahead of them, loomed up the posts of a wire gate. Handing before it was Snip, the runaway, nickering softly.

"Why, who exclaimed, 'there we are at the south gate.' It's only about half a mile to the house."

He caught Snip's bridle, and, with it thrown across his arm, lifted the girl out of the saddle. For the fraction of a second he held her close to him; then he allowed her feet to touch the earth.

When she was on Snip again, and he had opened the gate, she waited for him to mount and follow.

"The light is so plain you can't lose your way now," he said.

"Oh, but you must come to the ranch and stay all night," she said. It's miles to the nearest place."

"I can't," he said with finality. "I must be on my way."

"But I may never see you again. I want to thank you for your kindness, and—and I don't want to lose you altogether!" she ended with a nervous laugh.

"You won't if it's in my power to see you again," he said earnestly.

"But I don't even know your name," she protested.

Snip, in his impatience to be off, was edging away. She had the desperate feeling of one who sees a beloved object about to be lost in a scorching crowd.

He dropped the gate he had been holding and came toward her. She noticed, for the first time, that he was limping cruelly.

"You're hurt," she said. "You're hurt, and I made you walk."

"An old wound," he answered carelessly. "Perhaps I'd better take my coat. You don't have to go to it."

He reached up to unfasten it. The girl's throat contracted.

"In so thoughtful," she said. "Forgive me for the trouble I've been. And please," she urged, tell me your name."

"Fred McLean," he answered simply. "More widely known as Kid McLean."

He waited for her verdict, cringing just a little.

"And they were the two men who—that's why you killed them?" she asked with a little tremor.

He nodded grimly.

"And they shot you?"

Again he gave a curt nod, but he was looking steadfastly, hungrily, into her eyes.

She dropped the bridle, holding out her free arm. He came a step nearer. When he was close beside her again she brushed aside the touselled hair, and on his forehead, for an instant, he felt the light, sweet pressure of her lips.

"It's a mighty good thing you happened along," she murmured.

Then turning Snip's head toward the twinkling light in the ranch house, she galloped off into the stillness of the creamy, autumn moonlight.—Ida Speed.

Just to be Sure.

"Gawge Washington Ab'ham Lincoln Christof Columbus Andy Jackson Jeff'ason Davis! You all come in dis heah house dis minute, fo' I tan you all!"

Mandy was yelling it at the top of her voice.

I waited, expectant of a cowering, obident regiment which I expected to see file past, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

There rushed by one little kinky-haired pickaninny.

I stepped up to Mandy. Of course it is none of my business, but that little fellow seems to be the most obident child you have.

"Suddenly he am," she replied. And he's till I has, too."

"But you called a round dozen different names?"

"All the names you done heard me call is his'n. We done give him them names so when he's growed up and his name a called in cot's white folks will sure know he comes from a quality family!"

The Worm Turned.

"You haven't done very well this month," said the boss. "Your orders were few and far between."

"I'm sorry," said the traveling salesman. "But—"

"Don't want excuses. I want orders."

Just then the door opened, and the secretary entered and passed in a card.

"Humph," said the boss, "James Henry, salesman for the General Products company. Doesn't he know I never see traveling men at this hour?"

He says he is in a hurry to leave town, and would like to explain his proposition to you. He will be brief."

"I can't see him now, I'm busy. Tell him to wait."

"When shall I tell him to call again?"

"Tell him to wait there and I'll see him in about an hour. Now, then, young man, why is it that you fell down this month?"

"Because all the business men I called on insisted on treating your salesmen the way you treat theirs."

Exchange.

"I never was so happy before," said the new benedict. "Marriage has made a different man of me."

"I'm glad to hear it," said his rival, "for your wife's sake."

"What's the fuss over there in that corner?"

"Lady sending a telegram."

"I know that. But why the facial contortions?"

"She's trying to tell her husband what she thinks of him in 10 words."

Judge.

All Sorts.

Oh, life! An age to the miserable, a moment to the happy.—Hacon.

Tommy—Pop, What are the duties of a campaign manager?

Tommy's Pop—Principally, my son, to count chickens before they are hatched.—Philadelphia Record.

Photographer's Assistant—Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her.

Photographer—Complain, does she? She ought to be grateful.—Chicago Herald.

"You sentimental boy, why do you have my picture in your watch, eh?"

"Because I thought you might learn to love me in time."—Penn. State Press.

Young Girl—Yes, I feel an intense longing to do something for others.

Friend—Just whom do you mean by others?

"Well, I suppose almost anybody outside of my immediate family."

Life.

Treat some people with freezing politeness and they will at once get hot about it.

"Blindly, in your husband sober and industrious?"

"Yes, na'ure, he's a man in do world will work harder fo' do price of a drink dan he will!"—Detroit Free Press.

"Did he die a natural death?"

"Yes, so I understand. He was run over in the street of New York."

From Life.

Redd—He ran into something the first day he got his automobile.

Greeno—What?

"Doh."—Yonkers Statesman.

Husband—Why don't you put your mind on it and get a good cook?

Wife (sweety)—I don't seem to have any faculty in selecting people to live with.—Life.

"And you," she said to the bachelor who had blundered into the church bazaar, "you'll have to pay double."

"Why?"

"Because you're a bachelor."

"That's all right," he drawled, "it's worth it."

"I know a man," said Uncle Eben, "but he's too busy lookin' up his clouds wif silver linin's dat he done walked into a coal hole!"—Washington Star.

Hewitt—What sort of a fellow is he?

Jewett—Well, he will never have to say to his conscience, "How you have grown."—Judge.

Youth—Love is intoxicating.

Old Bash—I'm on the water wagon.

"Say, what do you mean by telling Jones that I was a blockhead?"

"Why, it isn't a secret, is it?"—Boston Transcript.

"Do sure you're right then go ahead!"

We have the notion that it's sometimes wiser to be sure you're right and then stand pat.

A pessimist is a person can't come in contact with a man who has a sunny disposition without getting freckles.—Philadelphia Record.

Krotchett—Say, old man, I want to apologize for the temper I displayed last night. Your wife and sister must have thought me crazy.

Goodson—No, they didn't. I fixed that all right.

Krotchett—That was very good of you, Thanks.

Goodson—I told them you were drunk.—Boston Transcript.

Me—Do you attend church regularly?

She—Yes, every Easter.

Hess—You interest me strangely, Jack—as no other man ever has.

Jack—You sprung that on me last night.

Hess—Oh, was it you?—Judge.

Some Willie.

"The late Bishop William McVieker of Rhode Island," says a Providence man, "was a man of tremendous physique. He was also a bachelor for whom his sister kept house."

"Once the bishop phoned to a local tailor that he wished to have some clothing pressed; and the tailor sent a boy to the bishop's house to get this clothing."

"Now the sister admitted the boy, calling up the stairs as she did so; 'Willie, the boy has come for the clothes.'"

"When the bishop's immense frame hove into sight, the messenger plainly showed his astonishment. As his glance embraced the bishop's figure, he turned to the sister and said: 'Hully gee! Is that Willie?'"

Saved the Scene.

John Galsworthy, the English playwright, tells of the wit of an actor named Littledale who in one play had to leap into a river to escape a wild beast.

"The stage was so arranged that the river was invisible. Littledale's leap usually ended on a soft mattress in the wings, while a rock was dropped into a tub of water to create a splash. Every thing went on all right at rehearsal, and the night of actual performance came. When poor Littledale jumped he fell eight feet and landed on an oaken floor with a crash."

"The audience sent up a titter. But the heroic Littledale was quite equal to the occasion. 'Heavens,' he shouted, 'the water's frozen.'"

If He Paid Hitchcock.

Raymond Hitchcock, just back from California where he acted for the motion picture camera, was telling a friend of his experiences out West, according to The New York World.

"Listen, Hitchie!" said the friend. "You saw your film, didn't you?"

"I did."

"It was the first time you ever saw yourself act, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"Well, frankly now, what do you think of yourself as an actor?"

"Honestly," came from the comedian, "I wouldn't pay myself three dollars a week."

It Does Make a Difference.

Gen. Joffre's quiet humor is typified in a story which comes from the trenches. Some members of the general's staff were discussing the number of officers whose hair had turned from black to white since the war began and they had decided to their own satisfaction that the cause was to be found in mental strain. Gen. Joffre was asked for his opinion and, while agreeing with the conclusion arrived at by his officers, he added that it was also very difficult in war time to obtain the toilet accessories to which one was accustomed in times of peace.

The Specter of Pauperism.

Do you know that in the United States sixty-six out of every hundred people that die leave no estate what ever? Do you know that out of the remaining thirty-four only nine leave estates larger than \$5,000 and that the average of the balance of twenty-five is a little less than \$1,000? Do you know that at the age of sixty-five thirty-seven out of every hundred in America are partly or wholly dependent upon relatives, friends or the public for their daily bread, for their clothing and a roof under which to sleep? We all know that the one safeguard against pauperism by the countries of Europe has been thrift. France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland have been the leaders in thrift. Do you realize that according to government statistics 98 per cent of the American people are living from day to day on their wages and that a loss of employment would mean pauperism for all but 2 per cent of us?—B. W. Strauss in Leafflow.

Curious Shadow Casting.

"Did you ever see a waterfall cast a shadow?" asked Stephen T. Mather of the group around the club table. Mr. Mather, who is assistant to Secretary Lane in charge of the new development work which the department of the interior is doing in the national parks, had just returned from a strenuous summer among the mountain tops.

"Well, Yosemite falls cast its shadow very distinctly one night last August. I was half a mile or more away, gazing, heavily bound, at the effect of the full moon upon these great falls, which are, by the way, as high as sixteen Niagara's piled one on top of the other."

"The moon was behind me, of course. The don't fall, shining like silver, lit brilliantly by reflected light the dense shadows of the trees which hid me from the moon. 'Twining, I saw my shadow antitail vividly upon the grass.'—Our National Parks.

Ring Life Preservers.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs."

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a can at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department, the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible, with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries, always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the name of the querist. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in black stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the name of the querist. 7. Direct all communications to: MISS E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

NOTES.

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, January, 1891. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. continued.

At that time a very large number of Friends, all in their prescribed garb, and using what they chose to call the plain language, lived in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in the northwestern part of the State, and very large numbers, from all those populations, made their appearance in Newport, governed apparently by the same spirit as that which actuated the ancient Jews in their annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem, at the feast of the Passover, and which induces the followers of Mahomet to run all the risks and suffer all the horrors and privations attending their annual pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. Suffice it, that what I have seen persuades me that these people were actuated by stronger sentiments than that which induces the much greater tendency to travel and change of scene, in this day of facile and easy, and cheap conveyance.

Living, as I then did in Portsmouth, near and in sight of the Stone Bridge, and Ferry Neck, I have seen, in the two days preceding the commencement of the yearly meeting, the road across Ferry Neck, covered with a continuous procession of one and two horse carriages, like an interminable funeral cortege, which had conveyed from every part of New England to this point, and especially from New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, many of whom must have passed a week or more on the road, with a prospect of a like journey on their return.

It may occur to you, who have not this experience, to enquire, how were these people and their horses provided for, and this brings us to a point of immediate local interest.

The yearly meeting owned, from the early settlement of the town, a tract of land of very considerable area, comprising, with the exception of a few building lots, all the block bounded, East by Green Lane, called for short Tilden Avenue, North by Warner Street, West by Farewell Street and South by Marlborough Street. All this was enclosed by a rail fence, and in grass, except the few lots I have mentioned, and which may have numbered from fifteen to twenty house lots. Before laying out of Warner Street the north boundary of the Quaker field was the old Artillery ground, so called in the old records, now the Common burial ground.

The grass in this enclosure was allowed to grow until the yearly meeting when the visitors' horses were turned into it, to the number of some hundred, where they lived in a high state of enjoyment, and furnished an unlimited amount of diversion to the townspeople. During the remainder of the season, this was the boys' play ground, and was known as the Quaker field; it is now a populous part of the City, except the part reserved as a burying ground.

A large number of people who lived in that part of the town, opened their houses at this time, for the accommodation of the friendly visitors, whose board was paid, at a small rate, by the yearly meeting, and thus most of them were comfortably provided for.

The notable men, associated with the Newport meeting, were Stephen Gould, Henry Gould, Job Sherman, Clarke Rodman, David Bullum, Senior and Junior, James Chase, Elijah Anthony, and the Mitchells, John, Gethro and Isaac; also, less closely perhaps, not members, but habitual attendants, were the Carrs and Nicholls families; and a number of others in the Portsmouth meeting were Asa Sherman, brother of Job, Benjamin Mott, Jonathan Dennis, George Dennis, Benjamin Freeborn, Isaac Almy, John Chase, and Shadrach Chase, and Isaac Chase, and many more of friendly proclivities, Quakerism showing a stronger hold upon rural communities, than in towns, but the old earmarks are now pretty nearly as difficult to find on the people of Middletown, or Portsmouth as on those of Newport.

They were people of particularly circumpect and correct lives, and their moral influence was a very desirable one, and one which discouraged the tone of levity, which is so strong a characteristic of this generation.

The churches in Newport, besides the Friends, at which services were regularly held on the Sunday and Thursday of each week, which services were very faithfully attended, by all those attached to that form of worship, were Trinity, the only Episcopal Church in town, the first and second Congregational, the first, second, third and fourth Baptist Churches, the third Baptist being that known as Sabbatharian, or Seventh Day Baptist, and one Methodist, now known as the first Methodist.

Trinity Church was then presided over by the Rev. Salmon Wheaton, its Rector, a most estimable and unobtrusive man, who was very much valued and beloved by his parishioners who were largely composed of the families of those who had been prominent in the history of the town, and prominent in the Church, in past days, when royal and aristocratic influence had reigned themselves in with, and given tone to this institution, associating it intimately with the home government, and when the atmosphere surrounding it was redolent with courtly associations. "In the days when we were under the King."

Many of these were elderly females who represented old families, whose names had largely disappeared, and who retained the respect and deference, which their own character, and the traditional prominence and high standing of their families entitled them to. It were idle to attempt to name them, and perhaps invidious, but among them were the Williams, Woods, Breeses, Fry's, Deans, Deboises, Freebodies, Norriss's,

and among the men of note, in the congregation, were Mr. Edward Brinley, Mr. George Irish, Mr. Wm. Littlefield, Mr. George C. Mason, Mr. Samuel F. Gardner, Hon. Charles Collins, Hon. Wm. C. Gibbs, Hon. Richard K. Randall, Hon. Benja. Hazard, Dr. John Preston Mann, Mr. Stephen Debois, Capt. Robinson Potter, Capt. Jacob Smith, Capt. Stephen T. Northam, and Messrs. John and Sam'l. Whitehorse, and Major Henry Bull, all men of decided weight in the community. (To be continued.)

Queries.

8491. HALL.—Would like dates and names of parents of George Hall, of Portsmouth, R. I., born 1735, died 1817; married in 1760, Charity Fish (born 1738, died 1821) of David and Jemima (Tallman) Fish.—F. E. H.

8492. COLVIN.—Wanted ancestry of Lurana Colvin, b. Mar. 29, 1755, (Benj. (4.) Isaac (3), John (2.) John (1.) m. Ruth Card (3). Wanted, dates of marriage, and children with the order of birth.—I. C.

8493. PECKHAM.—Isaac (6) Peckham, b. Mar. 29, 1755, (Benj. (4.) Isaac (3), John (2.) John (1.) m. Ruth Card (3). Wanted, dates of marriage, and children with the order of birth.—I. C.

8494. PECKHAM.—Benj. (6) Peckham (Benj. (4.) Isaac (3), John (2.) John (1.) b. Feb. 12, 1753, d. Mar. 13, 1836. He was a Baptist minister, m. Nov. 7, 1780, Elizabeth Card b. 1759, d. 1816. He m. 2d Ruth Card—Babcock, widow of Dea. Gideon of Newport, R. I. Wanted, children.—I. C.

8495. CHASE.—Isaac. Can someone give me the date of birth of Isaac (4) Chase? (Wm. 3, Wm. 2, Wm. 1). He m. 1st Feb. 16, 1704, Elizabeth, dau. of John and Jane (Marks) Blethen of Salem, Mass.; m. 2d, Nov. 2, 1720, Mary, dau. of Samuel Fowler. He died—1760. His will is dated Oct. 17, 1757, proved, April 1, 1760. He resided in Swansea, Mass.—J. F. S.

8496. CHASE.—James 5 (Isaac 4, Wm. 3, Wm. 2, Wm. 1). James Chase was born Feb. 12, 1705, Swansea, Mass. He m. 1st, May 11, 1727, Alice, dau. of Wm. and Mary (Coggeshall) Anthony. She died March, 1762, in her 57th year. He m. 2d, June 30, 1763, Lydia, widow of Jonathan Thurston and dau. of Goddard. Wanted, her ancestry. She died June 16, 1784. He died April 20, 1782, in Middletown, R. I., where he resided since about 1740.—J. F. S.

8497. COOK.—Daniel, married before 1791, Bridget (5) Litchfield, b. in 1763, dau. of John (4) Litchfield. They lived in 1791 in Brooklyn, Ct. Nothing further is known of this family. Wanted, all data, both of ancestry and descendants. M. S.

8498. SCOTT. MALBONE. RODMAN.—Will some one kindly send me a list of the names and addresses of the descendants of Capt. Joseph Scott, Capt. Joseph Malbone, John Rodman, and any other descendants of John Scott and Elizabeth Wanton, his wife.—S. F. P.

8499. JENCKES.—William Hopkins of Providence Plantations wrote to the town authorities in 1655 regarding the estate of his father, Thomas Hopkins. The letter is in effect a request or order that two men named should be appointed administrators. It was acknowledged before Joseph Jenckes. Under the name of Joseph Jenckes appears the initials of Mr. ru: What is the significance of these initials, and what was Joseph Jenckes' official position?—J. C.

8500. VINAL.—Israel of Scituate, married Nov. 8, 1801, in Scituate, Lydia (6) Litchfield, born in 1761, died in 1825, dau. of Thomas (4) and Lydia (Cole) Litchfield. Give parentage and address, also birth and death of Israel Vinal. Give names of children and their families. Where did they live?—M. S.

NOTICE.

WE WILL NOT Sell Any More COKE UNTIL Further Notice. Newport Gas Light Co. THAMES STREET.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., held a special meeting at the home of Mrs. D. Frank Hall to elect delegates to the National Convention to be held in Washington in April. The regent, Mrs. Kate Thurston was elected delegate. The alternates chosen were: Miss Anne Almy, Miss Evelyn B. Chase, Mrs. Phebe Manchester, Mrs. Sarah D. Hall and Miss Harriet F. Sanford.

Mrs. Mary Brownell is visiting Mrs. A. G. Manchester.

Mrs. Robert Doane and daughter Mildred have returned from a visit of a week to the former's parents in Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Duffee and daughter Helen have returned from a fortnight's visit to the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duffee of Tiverton.

A Dollar a Foot

You've got to see this table to get fully wise to its big value. It is solid oak with 42-in. top, and extends 6 feet. When you fully realize what that means in a dining table particularly when the construction and the finish is of the best, just let the price \$6.00 occupy your attention. You would be charged nearly that for an ordinary 6-ft. kitchen table.

There's no place anywhere where price plays a part so important to you because the big real value goes with it each and every time.

THE REAL ECONOMY STORE

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

DOLLAR FARMING

If you are going to raise corn, you don't plant whole ears—do you? Grain by grain, hill by hill you drop it until your entire field is planted. As you raise corn, raise dollars. Plant them as you get them, in an account with us. This is the seed-time for your dollar crop. Sow now for the dollar harvest. Open an account with us.

No one ever regrets having a Bank Account. Thousands regret not having one.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT, R. I.

Hours 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Saturdays 9 A. M. to 12 M. We pay 4 per cent. interest in our Savings Department

The Aetna Life Insurance Company

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MACKENZIE & WINSLOW, Inc.

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ELEVATOR, MARSH STREET,

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Telephone, Elevator, 208

Store, 181

"Mr. Jones on the Telephone, sir!"

MR. JONES on the telephone, sir! Jones is a good customer and you've got to talk with him. He's impatiently "holding the wire" while you get to the office from the salesroom or workshop. He wouldn't have to "hold the wire" if you had an extension telephone or two. The telephone call would be switched to the department where you happened to be and you would transact your business with very little interruption of the work in hand, also avoiding much annoyance to your customer. The cost of an extension telephone is small—its earning capacity great. Let us tell you more about them.



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CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in Amendment of an Ordinance amending Chapter 16 of the Revised Ordinances of the City of Newport, entitled "Fire Department."

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

SECTION 1. The Ordinance in Amendment of Chapter 16 of the Revised Ordinances of the City of Newport entitled "Fire Department" passed March 12, 1915 is hereby amended by striking out Section 19 and renumbering Sec. 19, Sec. 20, Sec. 21, Sec. 22, Sec. 23, Sec. 24, Sec. 25, Sec. 26, Sec. 27, Sec. 28, Sec. 29, Sec. 30, Sec. 31, Sec. 32, Sec. 33, Sec. 34, Sec. 35, Sec. 36, Sec. 37, Sec. 38, Sec. 39, Sec. 40, Sec. 41, Sec. 42, Sec. 43, Sec. 44, Sec. 45, Sec. 46, Sec. 47, Sec. 48, Sec. 49, Sec. 50, Sec. 51, Sec. 52, Sec. 53, Sec. 54, Sec. 55, Sec. 56, Sec. 57, Sec. 58, Sec. 59, Sec. 60, Sec. 61, Sec. 62, Sec. 63, Sec. 64, Sec. 65, Sec. 66, Sec. 67, Sec. 68, Sec. 69, Sec. 70, Sec. 71, Sec. 72, Sec. 73, Sec. 74, Sec. 75, Sec. 76, Sec. 77, Sec. 78, Sec. 79, Sec. 80, Sec. 81, Sec. 82, Sec. 83, Sec. 84, Sec. 85, Sec. 86, Sec. 87, Sec. 88, Sec. 89, Sec. 90, Sec. 91, Sec. 92, Sec. 93, Sec. 94, Sec. 95, Sec. 96, Sec. 97, Sec. 98, Sec. 99, Sec. 100.

(Passed Feb. 23, 1916.)

A true copy: F. S. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

5-13w

Fifty car loads of salmon arrived in New York this week from Puget Sound for shipment to Europe. There were 2,400,000 cans in the consignment.

The condition of Mrs. Coomer A. Easterbrook, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital on Sunday is reported as satisfactory.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,

Providence, March 2, 1916.

PUBLIC HEARING.

Arborists.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 166, entitled "An Act relating to the licensing and regulation of Arborists," in Committee Room 23, State House, Providence, on

Wednesday, March 8, 1916, at 11 o'clock a. m.

RICHARD W. JENNINGS, Chairman.

ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

5-13w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, February 28, 1916. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of

ELLEN DONNELLY,

late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JAMES DONNELLY.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Appropriations for 1916.

11	Ordinance by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:	
12	SECTION 1. So much of the available receipts and income accruing to the City Treasury of said City during the current fiscal year, with the money now in the Treasury, as will provide the sum hereinafter appropriated and appropriated, is hereby appropriated and appropriated for the purpose and subject to the limitations specified in detail as follows:	
13	1. Mayor's Office	\$2,000 00
14	2. Council & Aldermen	11,500 00
15	3. City Clerk's Office	6,000 00
16	4. Law Department	2,500 00
17	5. City Treasurer	2,500 00
18	6. Tax Collector	2,500 00
19	7. Tax Assessors	2,500 00
20	8. Building Fund Commissioners	100 00
21	9. Advertising	1,000 00
22	10. Other General Offices	2,500 00
23	11. Police Department	50,000 00
24	12. Indexing & Preservation of Records	1,100 00
25	13. Courts	4,000 00
26	14. Inspectors & Inspections	4,500 00
27	15. Public Weights & Measures (Sealer)	675 00
28	16. Miscellaneous Public Safety (Board of Aldermen)	1,500 00
29	17. Statistical Department	\$50 01
30	18. Water Supply	10,000 00
31	19. Bathing Beaches	400 00
32	20. Public Cemeteries & Intermentals	1,400 00
33	21. Cemeteries	800 00
34	22. Docks & Wharves	1,100 00
35	23. Interest on Bonded Debt	\$1,622 51
36	24. Interest on Temporary Loans	6,000 00
37	25. Interest on City Notes	\$42 00
38	26. Payment on Bonds	31,000 00
39	27. Payment on Notes	22,000 00
40	28. Sinking Fund	12,000 00
41	29. State Tax	77,935 50
42	30. Commission on Almy's Road	300 00
43	31. Commission on Inland Waterway	320 00
44	32. Public Utilities and Regulations (Superintendent)	1,000 00
45	33. Public Utilities and Regulations (Supervisors)	600 00
46	34. Poor Alms House	7,770 00
47	35. Poor Outdoor Hall	5,000 00
48	36. Miscellaneous Public Charities	210 00
49	37. Prisoners & Reformatories	600 00
50	38. Miscellaneous: City Physician	1,800 00
51	39. Miscellaneous: City Department	26,768 00
52	40. City Health Department	6,541 00
53	41. Hospitals	250 00
54	42. Inspectors & Inspections	2,625 00
55	43. Public Health Supervision	2,625 00
56	44. Public Health Supervision	2,625 00
57	45. Quarantine & Pest House	6,250 00
58	46. Health Inspectors	1,125 00
59	47. Refuse & Garbage Disposal	11,915 00
60	48. High Schools	16,125 00
61	49. Public Schools—Supervision	4,400 00
62	50. Elementary Schools	50,760 00
63	51. Grammar Schools	48,253 00
64	52. High Schools	25,500 00
65	53. Schools for Special Education	12,500 00
66	54. Evening Schools	1,000 00
67	55. Special for Backward Children	600 00
68	56. Public Conventions	1,000 00
69	57. Public Celebrations & Festivals	200 00
70	58. Public Parks	6,000 00
71	59. Bathing Beaches	600 00
72	60. Public Celebrations & Entertainmentals	2,575 00
73	61. Public Celebrations & Entertainmentals	600 00
74	62. Public Comfort Station, Mortuary Park	1,500 00
75	63. Public Comfort Station, Aqueduct Park	2,500 00
76	64. Public Comfort Station, Battery Park	1,500 00
77	65. Highways & Bridges	25 00
78	66. Public Weights & Measures	50 00
79	67. Department of Public Safety (Flour)	3,250 00
80	68. Street Cleaning	31,000 00
81	69. Refuse & Garbage Disposal	11,915 00
82	70. Sewers & Sewage Disposal	10,925 00
83	71. Supervision	4,000 00
84	72. Street Repairs	4,000 00
85	73. Street Repairs	27,000 00
86	74. Asphalt Macadam (two coat work)	25,500 00
87	75. Asphalt Macadam (one coat work)	6,000 00
88	76. Asphalt Macadam (one coat work)	6,000 00
89	77. City Yard Building repairs	500 00
90	78. Horse	700 00
91	79. Set Wall repairs	2,000 00
92	80. Set of four wheels, Hoiler No. 2	1,100 00
93	81. Scrubber with one Rubber & one Fibre broom	1,000 00
94	82. Pillsbury's Portland Cement	600 00
95	83-15 Land Damages, Carroll Ave. & Thames St.	1,100 00
96	84-15 Wooden Block Pavement, Washington Square	14,000 00
97	85-15 Construction: Granolithic Sidewalks	15,000 00
98	86-15 Construction (near work)	20,825 00
99	87-15 Street Repairs	4,000 00
100	88-15 Street Sprinkling	15,000 00
101	89-15 Bridge Repairs	800 00
102	90-15 Public Recreationals	1,100 00
103	91-15 Public Recreationals, Miscellaneous	750 00
104	92-15 Docks & Wharves	1,750 00
105	93-15 Additions and Repairs to City Water	9,500 00
106	94-15 Street Lights	39,600 56
107	95-15 Fire Department	66,800 00
		\$996,798.16

Sec. 2. The appropriations heretofore made by Ordinance passed January 3, 1915, are in addition to the above appropriations, and so much of said appropriations as has already been paid out by virtue of said Ordinance is to be deducted from the appropriations made by Section 1, hereof.

Sec. 3. All boards, commissions or officers who have approved bills which have been paid from the appropriations made by this Ordinance, on or before January 3, 1915, shall immediately, upon the passage of this Ordinance, notify the City Treasurer to which specific appropriation said bills should be charged and enter such charge on their books accordingly.

Sec. 4. No city officer or committee shall incur any liability against the City, or make or cause any expenditure or payment out of the funds of the City beyond or in excess of any appropriation heretofore ordered, unless such liability, expenditure or payment shall be authorized by the laws of the State, or be specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 5. No appropriation for a specific purpose, as specified in detail in the report of the Committee of Twenty-five, shall be expended for any other purpose, unless otherwise specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 6. No appropriation for a specific purpose, as specified in detail in the report of the Committee of Twenty-five, shall be expended for any other purpose, unless otherwise specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 7. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed Feb. 23, 1916.)